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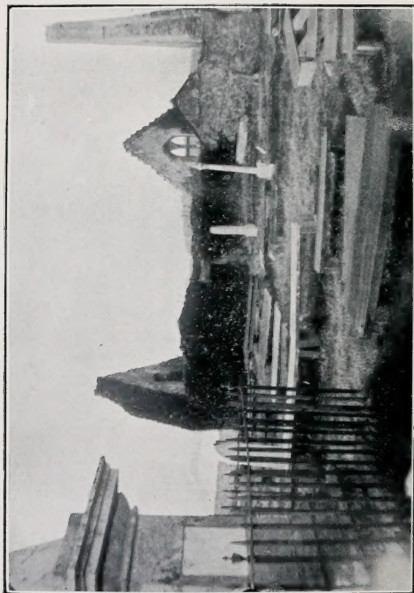




ORAIN LE ROB DONN

1870

ORAIN LE ROY DOWD



Balnaceill Church and Rob Donn's Monument

SONGS AND POEMS IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

BY

ROB DONN

THE CELEBRATED RHYE COUNTRY POET

ENLARGED EDITION

CONTAINING SEVERAL POEMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WITH ENGLISH NOTES AND A NEW MEMOIR
OF THE POET

BY

HEW MORRISON, F.S.A. SCOT., ETC.

Edinburgh
JOHN GRANT

1899



LAURISTON CASTLE
LIBRARY ACCESSION

TO HER GRACE
MILLICENT

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

THE SONGS OF ROB DONN HAVE REFLECTED GREAT AND
LASTING HONOUR UPON HIS NATIVE-COUNTY OF SUTHER-
LAND, AND HIS WISHES FOR YOUR FAMILY'S WELFARE, SO
WARMLY AND AFFECTIONATELY EXPRESSED, MAKE IT APPRO-
PRIATE THAT THIS ENLARGED EDITION OF HIS POEMS
SHOULD BE DEDICATED TO YOUR GRACE, AS THE FIRST IN
1829 WAS DEDICATED TO ELIZABETH, THEN COUNTESS OF
SUTHERLAND. YOUR GRACE'S KIND ACCEPTANCE OF THIS
DEDICATION IS MUCH APPRECIATED, AND THE WISH IS
EARNESTLY EXPRESSED THAT YOU MAY BE LONG
SPARED TO ENCOURAGE AND FOSTER TALENT
AND WORTH, AND BE A BRIGHT EXAMPLE
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE POET'S
NATIVE COUNTY

ORAIN

LE

ROB DONN

BARD AINMEAL

NA H-ARD TUATH

AN TREAS CLO-BHUALADH ANN AM BHEIL TUILLE ORAIN AIR
AN CUIR A MACH, MAILLE RI EACHDRAIDH BEATHA
A' BHAIRD ANN AM BEURLA

Dunaidinn

IAIN GRANND A

MDCCCXCIX

ORAIN LE ROB DONN

SONGS AND POEMS

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? Heavier ——— ROB DONN

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Smaller?!

Edinburgh

JOHN GRANT

1897



Rob Donn's Grave, Balnacelle

ORAIN .

LE

ROB DONN

BARD AINMEAL

NA H-ARD TUATH

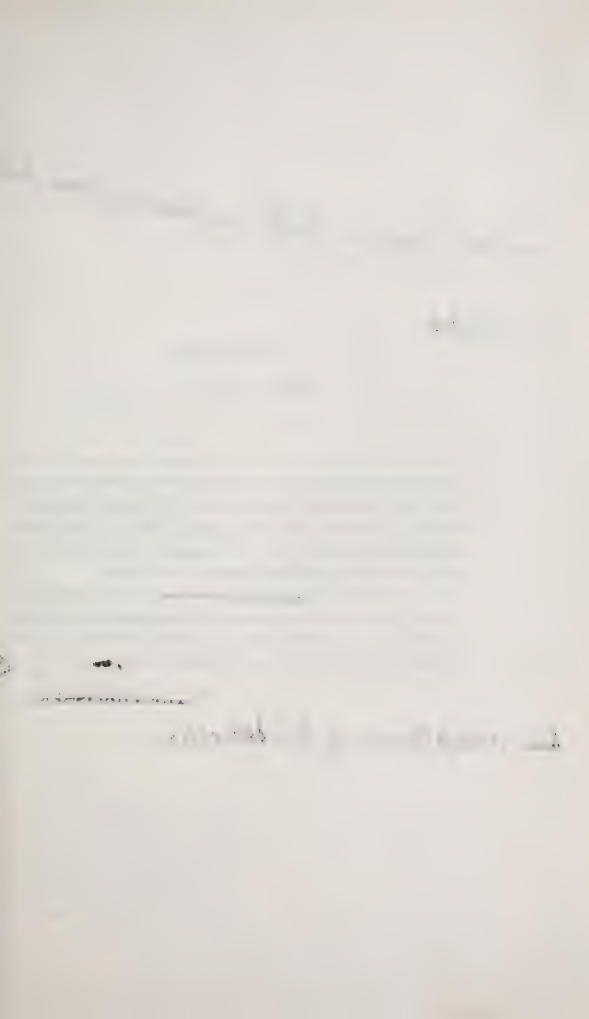
An 3mh clo-bhualadh / ann am bheil tuille orain air an cuir a / *sm caps.*
mach / maille ri eachdraidh beatha a' bhaird /
ann am Beurla.

4 lines

Dunaidinn

IAIN GRANND A

MDCCCXC~~III~~ IX.



To face Gaelic Title on back of Eng. Title

Sm. Capt.

TO HER GRACE
MILLICENT
DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

The songs of Rob Donn have reflected great and lasting honour upon his native county of Sutherland, and his wishes for your family's welfare, so warmly and affectionately expressed, make it appropriate that this enlarged edition of his poems should be dedicated to your Grace, as the first in 1829 was dedicated to Elizabeth, then Countess of Sutherland.

Your Grace's kind ~~permission to do this~~ is much appreciated, and the wish is earnestly expressed that you may be long spared to encourage and foster talent and worth, and be a bright example to the people of the poet's native county, ~~by~~ ①

~~THE PUBLISHER.~~

kin acceptance of this dedication

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS edition of Rob Donn's Poems was undertaken by the Publisher with the view of providing as complete a collection as possible of the poet's works. It contains several pieces not included in either of the former editions, and some of them were never previously published.

After some consideration it was resolved to give the notes to the songs in English, so as to make the volume interesting to a larger class of readers. The titles of the songs are also given in English, but the index of "first lines" will serve to make reference to any of them an easy matter.

The thanks of the Editor are due to many friends for advice and assistance. To the late Rev. Eric Findlater of Lochearnhead, this edition owes many of the alterations which render what was previously obscure intelligible. The late Rev. James Ross of Durness, the Rev. Adam Campbell of Petty, and Miss Findlater, London, gave kindly assistance. The Rev. W. C. M. Grant of Durness and the Rev. Adam Gunn of the Free Church there, kindly lent parish and other records. Mr Hugh Mackay, mason, Edinburgh, and Captain William Morrison, both natives of Durness, have given most willing

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1st October, 1898.

LIFE OF ROB DONN.

STRATHMORE, the birthplace of our subject, is one of the most romantic spots in the Reay Country.* It extends south from the end of Loch Hope for only three miles, but the scenery is one of unrivalled grandeur. To the east the most prominent object is Ben Hope, rising majestically from Craig-na-garbad as a basement, to a height of 3040 feet, while on its west side there is a series of hills such as Meall Horn, Saval-more, Saval-beg, Meall Garve and Ben Hee, with many minor peaks, crags, and knolls, which together present to the eye a scene that, for picturesque grandeur and varied beauty, has few equals in the Highlands of Scotland. If the summer visitor is charmed with what the lovely Strath presents to his sight, the glory of the scenery in winter is not much inferior. White mountain-tops and glistening precipices and flowing streams, in places darkly whirling and in others running in foaming torrents, with lowering and driving clouds above, combine in presenting a sight both grand and impressive.

* In Gaelic the term is "Duthaich Mhic Aoidh," *i.e.*, The Country of the Mackays, it being the home and possession of the clan of that name. The name "Reay Country" dates only from about 1628. It extends from Kylscu on the west to the water of Torrisdale on the east.

At the place of Allt-na-caillich in this glen, Rob Donn Calder, or, as he is sometimes called, Mackay, was born about the year 1714. There is no certainty as to the year, the only clue to it being the statement of Roderick Morrison of Cerravaig, who, in 1829, stated what he believed to be the age of the poet at his death. Neither is there any more than common report as to Allt-na-caillich itself being the place of his birth, but in the absence of any recorded proof to the contrary, both statements have to be accepted. Both time and place, especially the former, correspond with all that is known of the poet from other sources. At that time the condition of that distant part of the country was not in any great measure different from the southern and more favoured districts. Clan feuds had never distracted the attention of the people from their ordinary calling as on the southern and eastern borders, where the Sutherlands on the one, and the Sinclairs on the other, were continually attacking the Mackays, or were being attacked by them in return. The result was that, although raids had ceased and feuds were dying down, the men of West-moin, as this part of Durness was called, were superior in comfort and in the pastoral art to their neighbours. Rob Donn's father was one of the smaller tenants who lived on Strathmore. While we have no tradition to give us much insight into his character, we still have one or two sidelights, which show to us a man upon whom domestic duties had their due weight, one in sympathy with his children, and of somewhat emotional temperament.

The class of tenants to which he belonged was frugal, industrious and God-fearing. Their daily life was certainly not a round of pleasure, but having gathered their harvest and stored their winter fuel, they spent the winter evenings in social intercourse, meeting alternately in each other's houses, where songs were sung, ancient heroic ballads were recited, and stories of ghosts and fairies filled up the intervals. Dancing was frequently engaged in to the strains of the bagpipe. In summer the time of both men and women was occupied in the rearing of cattle, and attending to the corn and hay crops. A part of each summer was spent at the shieling. This was at a part of the hill pasture, at some distance from the tilled ground. The whole household often went to the shieling in a body. Their houses were left to the care of perhaps one person for each hamlet, but honesty was then practised for its own sake, and neither rope nor nail were amissing on the owner's return. The sheep, cows and horses being brought to shieling, were kept there for two months at least. Till well within this half century, six weeks at the shieling was a recognised custom. The shieling bothy had its walls built of turf, and its roof, supported on rude birch branches, was of the same material. The family rested at night on beds of heather and bog myrtle, and the milk of the cows was made into butter and cheese for winter use. Sheep farming, such as now prevails in the county of Sutherland, was then unknown. There was, however, a class of men corresponding in a

manner to the sheep farmers of to-day. They were tacksmen of wide tracks, but in place of farming the whole of the places of which they had a tack, they farmed the rents only of the smaller tenants. They held many of these tracts of land in wadset. The wadsetter was frequently a younger brother or near relative of the chief of the clan, who had made money abroad, or in some calling at home. He lent money to the chief, and in return he was secured by deed in the annual rents of certain specified lands. These rents he not only collected, but it was not beyond his power to raise them, and in addition to them, he exacted a number of services from his dependents. These services went by the name of "Cairbheast," and consisted of such as giving a day's ploughing on the wadsetter's own land for each horse they kept. Each man was compelled to assist for one day at cutting or storing the peats, and each woman had to give one or two days in harvest, as the case might be, and all this had a prior claim to their own concerns. And still these wadsetters did good in a way. They were, as a rule, men of intelligence, and their example in conduct and behaviour was followed by the common people, who regarded them as their superiors. That many of them were held in high esteem, is apparent from several of the songs in this volume.

Although the manners and behaviour of the common people were, as a rule, commendable, they were, on the whole, without any school education, and it was uncommon to find a man who could

write and count well. In the parish of Durness, of which Strathmore was then, and is still, a part, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald did everything he could to secure the services of competent teachers for the parish, and he encouraged schools in Strathmore, Hope and Eribol. But the district was anything but well equipped in this respect. In such circumstances the man who could read and write stood out in relief among his fellows. He was looked up to as a man of learning, and if his other qualities deserved it, he was accorded a place as a leader of the community in which he lived.

Rob Donn's father, Donald Donn, was not recognised in the district as the possessor of musical or poetic talents. Not so his mother. Of a lively temperament and possessed of a good stock of folk-lore in the shape of stories of the *Feine* and of songs of bygone days, she enlivened the winter evening fireside, to the delight of all who heard her. Rob drank in much of what he heard, and at a very early age began to show signs of the genius which distinguished him in after life. When but little more than three years of age it is told of him that he composed his first verse, and the production is no disgrace to his age or his talent. Having had a short frock made for him by a tailor, and being unable to fasten the buttons of his new garment, which were placed on the back, he sallied forth in a state of nudity. His mother chided him for coming out in such a condition. Whether he had premeditated on the cause of his failure to

button his frock is not stated, but his reply was :—

'S maith dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'c Nèill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
'S nach 'eil a dhùnadh agam fhein.

From that time forward his utterances were frequently in verse. But even before the muse alighted on him, his powers of conversation and repartee were very marked, and delighted his fond parents. An example of this also is recorded. At that time it was a custom to kill a cow at Martinmas and salt the meat for consumption during the winter. Donald Donn was busy salting the beef, with Rob, and probably the rest of the family, watching the operation, when he remarked, that, as the small-pox was carrying off so many of the youth of the district, the best of the beef was not to be touched until it was seen which of the family was to survive the small-pox. Rob, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S olc a' chuid sin do'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!" *i.e.*, "That's a poor share for him who goes!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a poor share, while you are here to use it." One other instance of his infant precocity must suffice. It was in the harvest season, when the cutting of the corn required the combined work of every one of the family. Rob's nurse, who was an old woman, came to give such assistance as she could. She complained, however, that the younger reapers had given her but scant consideration, and had left her to reap the thinnest

part of the field. Rob moved along the edge of the field, where his faithful nurse struggled to cut and gather the straggling ears. Hearing her complain of the treatment of her fellows, he exhorted her to make the best of it by gathering even the few ears which were there. His exhortation was:—

“Bith-s dol a null 's a nall,
Gus an riug thu grunnn na clais',
Cha 'n 'eil agad air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na gheibh thu ann a thoirt as.”

That the people of the Strath should hear of such a production as this, is not to be wondered at, and that the author's fame should travel beyond his humble home is not at all surprising. John Mackay, tacksman of Musal, better known as “Iain MacEachain,” was a son of Hector, son of James Mackay of Skerray, a small hamlet in the eastern part of the parish of Tongue. The Skerray family was considered one of the leading houses in the Reay country at that time. John of Musal was a cattle dealer on a large scale, and to this added the occupation of a grazier. No place could be found in the district more suitable than Musal for such a purpose. The site of the old house can still be distinguished, but the grazing has deteriorated sadly in recent times. Iain MacEachain very early recognised the genius of Rob Donn. He was a poet himself, and he asked Rob's parents to allow the boy to come into his employment. This they cordially agreed to, knowing that

he would be treated more as a member of the family than as a menial. Their expectations in this respect were fully realised, and to this circumstance the poet owed much of what afterwards distinguished him as a keen observer of human nature, and as a capable discerner of just dealing and correct morals in the ordinary business of life. To his travels up and down the country, and south as far as Falkirk, on his master's business, is to be attributed in a measure the feeling of toleration for the views of others which several of his pieces exhibit. His life at Musal began when he was between six and seven. His work was to herd the calves in the vicinity of the house. The one regrettable thing connected with his long stay in Musal, was that Mr Mackay did not see to it that Rob got some education. His own family he educated—one of his daughters, at least, being sent to school to Thurso. Rob grew up without any education,—that is, quite innocent of school education and of the power to read books for himself. Nor was this want ever made up in any way save by the gift of Nature, of observing and of mentally noting what he saw and heard. Had he been to school, or had he even learned to write, there is no saying what we might now have before us in more elaborate poems, or even in love letters from Crieff and other places to which his calling led him.

He had not been long in Mr Mackay's employment when he gave an illustration of his ready power of versifying. His master, who had a number

of cattle under shelter at Dal-an-Anart near by, was much concerned as to the state of the weather, and asked Rob to go out and see how matters stood. The request was made in the following couplet :—

“Seall a mach am bheil e 'g aiteadh,
No 'm bheil glaisidheachd air na neòil,”

to which the young bard on returning to the house replied :—

“Chaidh mis 'a mach, 's cha 'n 'eil e 'g aiteadh
'S cha 'n 'eil glaisidheachd air na neòil
Ach badan cruith an Dail-an-Anairt,
Agus t' anam anns an tòinn.”

Very shortly afterwards, an opportunity presented itself which enabled the bard to show his powers to greater advantage. A marriage was to take place in the neighbourhood, to which Mr Mackay and his household got a general invitation, in which Rob considered himself included. Before beginning his day's work he was assured that he was to go as one of the family. On his return home towards evening he was chagrined to find that they had gone without him. The bridegroom was known as “The Grey Man,” and in the song on p. 395, composed on the spur of the moment, every one who was present is mirrored by their peculiarities, but principally the grey-headed men and women, from the bridegroom to the remotest grey-haired friend at the feast. From that day the poet was a favoured

guest on every occasion of a public nature in the district. Even beyond the Strath he became known, and the power of his satire dreaded. This early effort has been the stem on which many a local effusion has been grafted, and the "grey" man of to-day, who would enter into the bonds of matrimony, is in danger of having his peculiarities set forth by some local songster, *à la* Rob Donn.

At a comparatively early age he is said to have had experience of the tender passion. The object of his earliest love was Ann, daughter of Donald Morrison in Hope. Ann was the belle of Westmoine and the poet had at least half-a-dozen rivals. In the song to her on page 396, he gives an indication of who these were. One of them, Robert Aberach, better known as Robert Macrob-macrob from Strathmelness in Kintail, married Ann's sister, Barbara, and lived at Braesgil not far from the sheiling of the Hope tenants, to which reference is made in the opening line of that most admirable of his songs to Ann on page 148. Ann married John Murray, the carpenter, who was the poet's chief rival. It has been stated that the marriage was not a happy one. That may or may not have been the case, but at all events there is a spice of romance in the fact, that on the 28th November 1773, Hugh Murray, Ann's eldest son, was married to Christina, Rob Donn's daughter. The eldest child of this marriage, Francis, is the subject of the verse on page 424. Tradition has it that Rob's next favourite was from the neighbouring parish of Tongue, and that

a plaintive song composed in her honour, but now lost, was his own favourite love-song.

By 1737 he had ceased to live in family with his patron, and when not in his employment he resided at Islandreir, a small township near Dornadilla Tower, on Strathmore, to which his father had removed by that time. In that year his name appears in record. In a deed of Sasine in favour of George, son of Lord Reay, the poet, Rob Donn, by name, is designated baillie and is described as living in Islandreir. Somewhere about 1740 he married Janet, daughter of Thomas Mackay, a small tenant in Islandreir, and he moved to Badnahachlais, at the south end of Loch Hope, still continuing in the employment of John Mackay, to whom the last tack of Musal was given in 1742.

As Rob advanced in years it devolved upon him to look after the cattle which his master bought at the local fairs or of the small tenantry of the adjoining parishes. These for some time previous to their being sent to the southern markets, were grazed in distant parts of the country. In this way he became familiar with many districts of the Highlands and with every part of the great north road, from his native place to Falkirk, and even to Carlisle. He spent a part of one season at least in Crieff, where he composed one of his songs to Ann Morrison. Leading a life of this nature enabled our poet to see men and manners in other lights than those which would present themselves to him if he had never left home. To his coming in

contact with the people of Strathspey and Lochaber, may be attributed his leanings towards the House of Stuart.

One influence on Rob Donn's political sentiments has hitherto escaped attention. His employer and patron, Mackay of Musal, was in Edinburgh when the Highland Army entered it in September 1745, and in his journey homewards he seems to have given such a warm and glowing account of what he had seen that very many, who were hesitating as to how they should act, made up their minds to throw in their lot with the Prince. Mackay crossed the ferry at Invergordon on the 23rd September and visited his acquaintance, James M'Culloch, to whom he declared that "he saw the entry and the proclamation of the Highlanders at the Cross of Edinburgh; that they were 6000 strong and well armed, most of which were encamped on the links of Leith; that they proposed advancing into England forthwith; that they had been joined by a large body since they crossed the Forth, under the late Marquis of Tullibardine; that Glenbucket was at Perth with above 1000; that they had parties of each 200 men at Dundee and Montrose; that Stonywood, with numbers from Aberdeenshire, were gone to join them after proclaiming the Pretender in Aberdeen; and he names several persons whom I do not choose to name without better authority. He accounts oddly for the method by which they got entrance into Edinburgh; and he avers he saw everything he reports. He adds that Gardiner's dragoons and the

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King's troops retreated before them; and that expresses had been despatched to the General to land at Dunbar."

This story of Mackay's decided the Earl of Cromarty, although it took him three weeks to leave Tarbat House with his small body of attendants.*

Mackay's influence on Rob Donn's enthusiastic nature must have been considerable, and his recital of what he saw and heard roused the bard's admiration for a cause which had in it elements that stirred the hearts of men as few things ever did.

Neither the Earl of Sutherland nor Lord Reay favoured the Stuart cause. They were both Hanoverian, but all the same Prince Charlie was the idol of the people, and the poet shared their feelings. His minister, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, was much more Hanoverian than Lord Reay [or the Earl of Sutherland], and he took every occasion to denounce the Prince and his supporters in most emphatic terms. But Rob had a warm heart for the Stuarts even after misfortune overtook them. His enthusiasm did not cool so quickly as that of those of the more calculating kind, and the conduct of his countrymen in the years that followed Culloden, roused his anger to boiling point. In his poem of "The Black Cassocks," which will be found on page 82, he does not spare them. For the opinions to which he gave expression in that song he was called upon to appear before the authorities. His poem was read to him and the supposed

* Gordon Correspondence, pp. 14, 15.

seditions opinions emphasised and pointed out. On being questioned as to what defence he had to make he declared that what was recited was only part of the song, and that he ought not to be arraigned on an incomplete version of it. Being challenged to give the complete version, he gave the two last stanzas as on page 86 in addition to those recited by his accusers. It is needless to add that the bard was not further molested in the matter.

On account of the advancing years of Mr Mackay and his less frequent visits to the markets, the poet's journeys to the south, and indeed all over the country became more frequent. He was more than a mere cattle driver. He was a kind of roving manager for one who was held in esteem both north and south. He was a welcome guest everywhere. He was as much in request at Barcaldine as at Balnaceill or Strathy. At one time, travelling through Argyllshire, he met by chance, Mr Macdonald of Achteriochdran, well known in his country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some questions relative to his way.

"I perceive, my man, by your dialect you belong to the north. What part there?"

"To Lord Reay's country."

"Oh! then, you must know Rob Donn."

"Yes; I could point him out to you in a crowd."

"Pray, do inform me, then, what sort of person he is of whom I heard so much."

"A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves."

This answer did not please Mr Macdonald, who was himself a poet, thinking he had met with too rigid a censorer of the northern bard. and the conversation ceased while they proceeded together on their way. After a pause Mr Macdonald, pointing to Ben Nevis in the distance, said, "Were you ever, my man, on the summit of yonder mountain?"

"No, I never was."

"Then you have never been so near heaven."

"And, have you yourself been there?"

"Indeed, I have."

"And what a fool you were to descend," retorted the bard; "you can't be sure of being ever again so nigh."

Mr Macdonald looked at his companion and exclaimed, "I'll be shot if thou art not thyself Rob Donn!"

The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

It was while he resided at Badnahachlais that his bent for hunting the deer began to develop, and, in the course of a few years, he became an adept in the use of the gun. He was a favourite with the young men of the leading families of the district, and no deer hunt was thought complete that did not include him. He sometimes hunted on his own account. This was not in any sense regarded as poaching or wrong-doing at that time, nor is even yet in theory, by the bulk of the people of the Highlands, although the practice has quite gone out. Warnings by bailiffs did not weigh much with

the poet. He hurled satirical verses at his tormentors, and the people applauded his action. For a more than ordinary daring expedition into the heart of the Reay Forest he was reported to the authorities, and was summoned to appear before Mr Daniel Forbes, sheriff-substitute of the county, who lived at Kinloch. One of his neighbours accompanied him on the way, which was by the north side of Ben Hope, and his wife who was much concerned at the turn events had taken, went part of the way with them. They had not gone far when they came upon a herd of deer. Rob, who even now carried his gun, could not be restrained, and managed to kill two of the deer, much to the consternation of his wife and their friend. Noticing his wife's concern, he cheerily remarked, "Go home and send for them; if I don't come back you shall have the more need for them." As he noticed that this did not allay her fears, he gave her to understand that he was unconcerned as to how it would fare with him, and that he would soon be back to his home. The truth was that at that time the poet was held in too great esteem to permit of his being harshly dealt with, and prosecutor and judge were equally unwilling that anything more than an admonition should be administered to the bard. The admonitions of those with whom he had taken part in hunting raids, the poet did not estimate highly, and it was not long after this incident, and while still at Badnahachlais, that he was reported to be still too often in the deer forest. It was now seriously intimated to him that

the law must take its course. Mackay of Bighouse was then factor at Tongue, and to him the poet made his way. To his protestations that he would abstain from hunting, and promises of better behaviour in the future, Mr Mackay would not listen. At length, the poet offered security for his future good conduct, but it was of no avail.

"Will you not accept your own son, Hugh, as cautioner?"

"No, certainly not," was the reply.

Rob, somewhat crestfallen, left the room, remarking: "Thanks be to Him who accepted His Son for all offenders."

Although he was not proceeded against further, he was, not long afterwards, moved from Badnahachlais to Alltcoirefhreasguil, a small township, not on the eastern shore of Loch Eribol, as stated in Dr Mackay's memoir of the poet, but on the west side of the Kyle of Durness. Here he continued for some years, probably till 1759, when he joined the First Regiment of Sutherland Highlanders. Whether he enlisted as an ordinary soldier cannot now be ascertained. It seems more likely that he was induced to accompany the regiment as his fellowship would be appreciated by men and officers alike. That this latter was so, is rendered the more probable by an anecdote. Robert roamed at will while the others had to undergo the drill and routine of their daily work while stationed at Inverness. In one of his rambles he was met by a Major Ross who had just joined the regiment. The major did not know the

bard, and, fancying that he was shirking duty, sharply addressed him, demanding: "To what company do you belong?"

"To every company," replied Rob, imitating the major's manner of address and gait as he turned away.

Major Ross reported this to his superior officer as a breach of discipline, but was assured the delinquent could be no other than Rob Donn, and being afterwards introduced to each other they are stated to have become good friends, although in the song to Sally Grant on page 280 there is an allusion to the major's strictness of discipline.

On his return home, he was employed as cattle-man at Balnaceille where Lord Reay then resided. In winter it was part of his duty to thrash out the corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. This part of his work he did not relish. It was too irksome and too confining, and very different from that to which he was accustomed. He even thought it a sort of humiliation, and his erstwhile friend, Alexander Cormack, in his songs, made allusions to the post which Rob held, which were not relished by the latter. In order to have some leisure for social duties, he employed a substitute, a proceeding which could not be tolerated, and Robert had to quit his lordship's employment. It was felt by many, however, that there were other reasons why the poet was so summarily dismissed. Popular feeling was somewhat strong against Lady Reay in the matter. The poet had stoutly supported his minister in frustrating a design her ladyship had of having one of her maids married

in haste and without inquiry into her conduct, although that was not by any means above suspicion. The minister was so resolute in refusing to accede to her ladyship's wishes in the matter, that, not only was the marriage postponed till ecclesiastical inquiry was made, but her ladyship's privileges of church membership were suspended for a season.

In his songs the bard meted out reproof of evil-doing to both high and low alike. This gained him the enmity of many, but the thoughtful and well-doing held him in great esteem. His minister, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, was an attached friend and held frequent converse with him. When the members of his session had become old and feeble, he had Rob Donn and John Mackay of Borley appointed assessors. As such they deliberated, but their office was quite distinct from that of the eldership, and they neither voted in questions effecting morals, nor signed the annual accounts. It has been stated frequently that Rob Donn was a ruling elder in Mr Macdonald's time. There is no authority for such a statement, not that the poet was any the less worthy of being so recognised. As just stated he was one of the congregation's assessors and nothing more. And not only so, but during the time of his assessorship, namely in May 1774, an election of elders took place, and while his fellow-assessor, John Mackay, was promoted to the eldership, Robert was not. Neither is his name mentioned in the Session Record as being present on any occasion, or forming one of the sederunt.

For some time after leaving Lord Reay's service the poet resided in Achumore. His place at Balnaceille was filled by a stranger. About this time Mr Macdonald had written his friend, the minister of Sleat, informing him that the Reay Country could boast of a poet of no common ability and genius. The Rev. minister of Sleat himself, devoted to the poetic art, invited Rob Donn to visit him. In due time Rob reached the Manse of Sleat where he was accorded a welcome which was all the more cheering to his nature, that he was not in favour at the time at the house of Balnaceille. In the island of Skye there were poets then, as there always have been, but one, distinguished above his fellows, had the compliment paid him of being invited to the hospitable Manse of Sleat to meet the bard of Mackay's Country. One morning at breakfast their host proposed that they should make a verse each on the words bacon, butter, priest, tobacco-pipe and targe. The Skye bard's verse was:—

A mhuc mar bhiadh, 's sgiath mar bhòrd,
'S an Sagart nach itheadh 'n t-lm
Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thònn.

Rob having heard this, remarked, "You have treated the priest but poorly," and immediately gave his verse as follows:—

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
Bheirinn dha 'n t-lm air a' mhuic;
An targaid air a làimh chlì,
Is plob-thombaca 'n a phluic!

From Achumore the poet and his family removed

to Saingo, where he remained till the close of 1769. During the time that Mackay of Skibo was factor for Lord Reay, he does not seem to have had regular employment, but on Colonel Hugh Mackay, son of his early patron and employer, coming home from Jamaica to reside at Balnaceille, Robert was taken into his employment. This was early in 1770. His work was evidently more congenial than before, although Janet Sutherland, who was the colonel's housekeeper and afterwards his wife, did not conceal her dislike for him on account of his frequent allusions in his songs to her conduct.

In 1769, while at Saingo, his youngest son was baptized and named George. His family is stated to have consisted of thirteen who "were mostly all spared to rise round him." Of these, eight—five sons and three daughters—are known to have attained manhood and womanhood, but little is known of some of them beyond that fact. His eldest son was James, who, in 1774, married Jean Stewart in Balnaceille. He afterwards went to Edinburgh where he was employed as gentleman's attendant and died about 1812. His second son, John, enlisted in Macleod's Highlanders and was killed at the battle of Arnee in 1782. Hugh lived in Crosple for some time, Colin was in employment about Balnaceille, and George is not mentioned in record after his baptism. His daughters were—Isobel, married to John Mackay; Mary, married to Donald Mackay; and Christina, married (1) to Hugh Murray and (2) to John Morrison.

Now and again there has arisen round the name of the bard controversies which have too frequently degenerated into petty personalities. Into the history of the various controversies it is not our purpose to enter, nor is it our wish to press unduly the case for or against either of the surnames Calder or Mackay, but the question must be stated as fairly as possible, leaving those interested to exercise their own judgment and draw their own conclusions. The name Mackay was first applied to Rob Donn on the title-page of his poems in 1829. Even in the enthusiasm created by that occasion there were not wanting people who protested against such a liberty. The poet was "Rob Donn" to every one. To those who cared for correct designation he was Rob Donn Calder, while, to enthusiastic clansmen, the name Mackay commended itself as appropriate enough to one who was a native of their country. The Rev. William Findlater, parish minister of Durness at that time, was appointed the first editor of the poems and he bestowed much time and care upon revising the collection of poems written by his sister-in-law, Miss Thomson, from the bard's own recitation. Mr Findlater was unwilling to act unless he had power to reject such of the poems as he thought proper. Some differences arose over this, but when it was decided to introduce the name Mackay as that of the poet, he not only declined the editorship but withdrew from the committee which was promoting the publication. In the Statistical Account of the parish a few years later, he mentions

Robert Donn and calls him Calder, mentioning that he was sometimes called Mackay—referring to the title-page of the poems published, and to the inscription on the monument erected in the churchyard.*

Mr Findlater's son, the late Rev. Eric Findlater of Lochearnhead, who was associated with his father in drawing up the Statistical Account, writing in 1882, says :—

“Rob Donn was a Calder, not a Mackay, and the surname Mackay was given by gentlemen of that clan engaged in getting a monument erected to his memory in the churchyard of Durness, and in getting his songs published. My father was inducted to the parish of Durness about the year 1812, but for four years previous to that he held the mission charge of Eribol, and Strathmore was in it, so that he had the best means of knowing about the matter, and I always heard him affirm that Rob Donn's name was not Mackay, but Calder. In 1850, I spoke to a very worthy man, Angus Calder, one of the elders in Kinlochbervie, and a native of Strathmore, upon this point, and he assured me that Rob Donn was no more a Mackay than I was. After his return from Australia, I mentioned the subject to my late dear friend, Dr M. Mackay of Dunoon [the editor of Rob Donn's songs] and asked him what had tempted himself and others to make a Mackay of the bard? His only answer was a shake of the head, and a shrug of the shoulders.”

In Anderson's *Guide to the Highlands* (1850), the poet is designated Robert Calder Mackay or Rob Donn, and that, too, notwithstanding that Dr Mackay contributed to its pages, and the present writer, visiting the poet's birthplace of Alltnacaillich in 1881,

* This monument is not over the poet's grave. The grave has over it a plain slab with the inscription, “Rob Donn, 1777.”

had the grave of his brother William pointed out to him, and was assured it was William Donn's, although it bears William Calder as an inscription.

In addition to the name Mackay appearing as already stated on the title-page of the poems, one of the strongest grounds for attaching the name Mackay to the poet is contained in a note which Colonel David Stewart of Garth quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee on 2nd June 1782, as follows: "I take this opportunity of commemorating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in Macleod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donne, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem." This John, who was married in Crosple, is in the parish register of baptisms, twice designated "Donn," and under date 21st January 1773, he is further referred to as "John Donn *alias* Calder, in Crosple." Which is the more likely to be correct—the recruiting list of Macleod's Highlanders, or the register of his native parish attested by the parish minister?

In the Session records and register of baptisms and of marriages for the parish of Durness, there are frequent references to the poet and his family. The first mention of Rob Donn himself, in record, is in a deed of Sasine of 1737. For the occasion he was specially constituted a bailie, and at that time he lived at Islandreir, a small place opposite Dornadilla Tower on Strathmore. Even in this legal document he is only Robert Donn. Donald Donn, very

probably his father, is mentioned in the same document. In 1768 the members of the kirk-session of Durness were become feeble and tender, and several persons mentioned are invited to become assessors to the court "as John Mackay in Borley and Robert Donn now are." In September 1769, an entry in the parish register runs:—"Robert Donn, poet in Saingo, had a son, George, baptised."

His eldest son, James, who, after his return from the army in 1775, married Isobel Stewart, is designated "Donn" only, on the three occasions on which his name appears. John is referred to above. Hugh under date 17th September 1775 is mentioned as "Hugh Calder *alias* Donn in Crosple, etc." Colin as a young man employed in Balnaceill is designated "Colin Calder *alias* Donn *alias* Eckel and Mackay, had a child baptised Robert 14th January 1777." This is the only mention of the name Mackay in connection with any of the poet's family as such, and indeed with any one bearing the name of Donn. That Colin was named after Colin of Bighouse is very probable. Whether he bore Mackay in addition to his other names on that account cannot be stated with certainty. The manner of entering "and Mackay" in the register is certainly singular.

It is more than significant that the poet's three daughters, mentioned in the parish register, should all bear the surname "Calder."

On 28th May 1770, the eldest daughter was married, and the entry in the register runs, "John

Mackay, *alias* Mac-en-mac-uilleam-mac-neill in Uaibeg, married Isobel Calder *alias* nin Rob Donn in Balnaceill." In the entries in the register of baptisms, Isobel's name is given as "Isobel Calder" or "Isobel Donn," and under 15th June 1781, the entry states that John Mackay etc., and "Isobel Donn *alias* nin Rob Dhuin *alias* Calder *alias* Eckel, had Janet baptised."

Mary, the poet's daughter, is mentioned in the session records as Mary Donn, and the marriage entry has simply Mary Donn in Balnaceill. On January 8th, 1780, it is recorded that "Donald Mackay *alias* Mac-en-mac-alastair roy, a soldier in the Duke of Gordon's Fencibles, and his wife, Mary Calder Donn *alias* Mackay, had John baptised."

On 28th November 1773, "Hugh Murray in Rispond married Christina Donn in Balnaceill." The family of this union was three sons and three daughters, and in two of the entries "Christina Donn" is mentioned, her *alias* being Murray after her husband, in the same way as her two sisters were sometimes *aliased* Mackay after their marriage with Mackays. Hugh Murray died, and Christina married again. The record of that event has an important bearing on this question and is as follows:—"John Morrison *alias* Macuilleam Macustain Maceachin-roy, joiner in Durin, married Christina Calder *alias* Donn, widow of the late Hugh Murray at Rispond, 24th February 1792."

The poet's brothers William, Donald, and Gilbert are also mentioned in the register. William is men-

tioned twice as William Donn, namely, in 1768 and 1771. He then lived in Altnacaillich. In 1773 he removed to Badnahachlais, and he is then designated "William Calder *alias* Donn." It is impossible to distinguish whether Donald, mentioned in the deed of 1737, is the poet's father or his brother, but Gilbert under date 14th April 1765, is referred to thus: "Gilbert Calder *alias* Donn in Teagisgil, had a son christened John." It is stated that Gilbert was killed while shooting in the rocks of Farout.

Who the Calders of Strathmore were it is difficult to say. Many of them retained that name, and their representatives are still in the county of Sutherland, but the greater number of them emigrated to America and the Colonies. Among them the surname of Donn was widely applied as a term of identification. In the register of baptisms already referred to there are, between 1763 and 1800, forty-two instances in which the surname Donn appears. Of those, thirty have Calder as their other name, while one has Mackay in addition to that of Calder, and one has Morrison. The remainder are known as Donn only.

So much has been written upon the merits and character of our bard's compositions that there is hardly any occasion to refer to them here. His place, as one of the very front rank of poets, has been assigned him by universal consent. His satires are unrivalled, and his elegies have never been equalled for pathos and good feeling. He has occasionally condescended to sing of persons and things unworthy

of his notice, but even these pieces have merit. Genius stamps his every effort. His meanest productions rise above mediocrity, and his humour is rarely vulgar if we take his time and circumstances into account. He reproved offenders, exhorted the careless, encouraged the well-doing, and extolled the high in state if they did justly and showed mercy. He was a great power for good in his time. His power of satire restrained many from exceeding their duty, and caused others to act up to their professions. He, himself, well expresses this characteristic of his in the elegy on Gray of Rogart :—

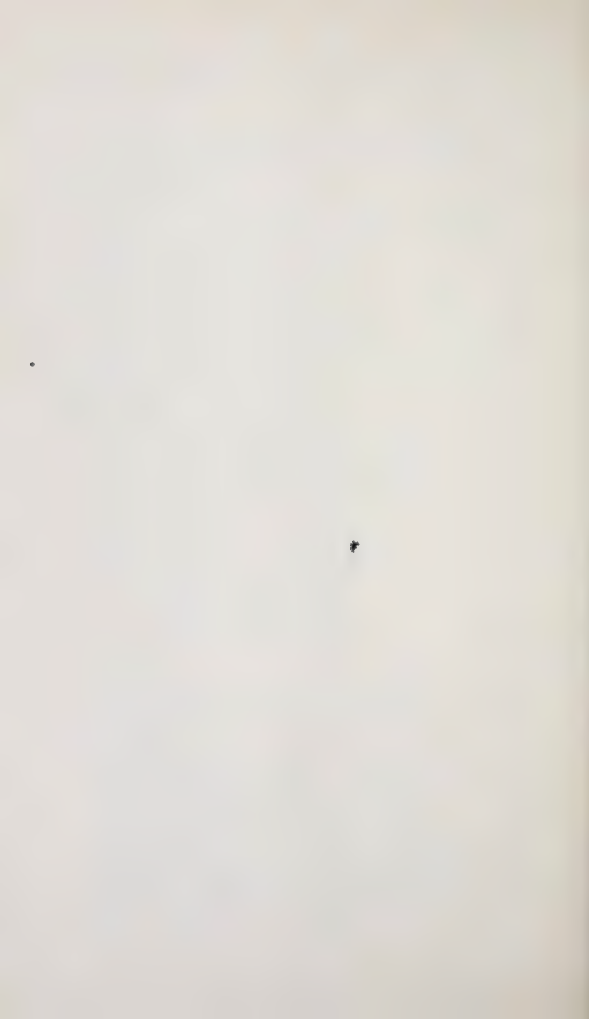
“ Bu mhaith leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
 'S cha b'àill leam an t-uasal a shealg,
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
 Cha ghabh an duin' onorach fearg.”

Which has been not too well translated :—

“ The guilty I should like to smite,
 But not the just to wound,
 My verse the pious may begloom,
 But can't outrage the good.”

In his compositions he rarely imitated, and when he did, it was not with any great success. His song to Winter is a good example of this kind of thing. He did not work at poetry. He did not even revise what he produced. His poems stand now as they came forth from him in the moment of inspiration. They have suffered, no doubt, from the dialect in which he sung. It is sometimes stated that the poems, as they now stand, are different from what they were at their birth. To the pen of the Rev. Donald Sage of





Kildonan, we owe the only example we have of Rob Donn's, in the pure Reay country dialect. The song, "To Isabel," on page 192, as edited by Dr Mackay, when compared with the version given below, which sets forth the song as actually recited in its native place, will give the reader a good idea of the changes made in the course of editing the songs.

Dar chruinnich iad, gun d' imich iad,
 Gu ministear na sgìre',
 'S a mheud uile bha 'm *Portchamuill*,
 Bha iad tamul faoltach.
 Nach iongantach an iomairt,
 Air gillean is air daoime
 'S na mnathan thanaig thar an loch,
 Le biadh, is deoch is piobair.

Thanaig naidheachd mar bha roimhe
 Gun robh Iain saor d' i,
 Gun bharrant an fhear bharrfhionn,
 Bh' air taobh eile chaolais.
 Bhreab a h-athar anns an eathar,
 Cha robh athadh sineadh,
 A' ghad no bhat, a bhean no mhac,
 Bhò no each no chaora.

Nach fulangach an duine sin,
 Dar mhionnaich e nan aodann,
 H-uile fear a bha toirt misneach,
 Gus a bhriseadh thiomail ;
 Cha d' fhuair e ni cho taitneach,
 Ris an fhleasgach a bha dhi air,
 Gu sìothintin thoirte da bhlas,
 O'n chaidh e as an *Fhaoilinn*.

Ge bu toigheach e ma eathar,
 Dar chaidh an naidheachd sgaoilt' air,
 Chaochail dreach air mar gu 'n creachte e
 Is leag e as a bhirlinn.

Cha robh cragan bh'air a chladach
 Nach do fhreagair glaoth e
 Le spionnadh chas 's e farsain às,
 A' pronnadh chlach is fhoachag.

An cualas sibh mar theireadh
 Iain Mac-Coinnich, 'n uair a sgaoil iad,
 Dar chunnaic e mur chaill e 'phost',
 'N deigh a chost 's a shaothair.
 Dar dh' aithnich e na bhailich e
 Dh' anart is do dh' aodach,
 'S a liuthad turus thug e mach,
 Air is 's air ais, an caolas.

Ars' Isbail is i clisgeadh,
 " Gu d' e nis a ni mi,
 Bheir e m' all' leis do Ghalladh,
 'N deagh mo Ghealladh fhaotainn."
 Ars' Rob Buidhe is e tighinn,
 " Laogh mo chridhe, caochail,
 Greas fò chas, gu farsain as
 Air ais o 'n fhear nach caomb leat."

As a specimen of the editorial emendations of the first edition, a portion of the "Lament for Mr Murdoch Macdonald" may be compared with the facsimile given opposite :—

"Chridhe na féile, a bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille, 's an fhoghluim chràbhaidh,
 Laimh gun ghanntair ann an tàbhairn
 An uachdar a' bhùird, a ghnùis na fáilte.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fàsach,
 'S ni gun fheum dhomh, aobhar ghaire,
 Cuims' ann an cainnt, ann an rann no sgèala,
 Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann g' an claidinn.

Chaochail iad rianan, o chioslaich am bàs thu,
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air crabhadh ;
 Thionndaidh na biastan gu riasradh gràineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia, srian o' n là sin."

On one or two occasions only did Rob Donn make any use of songs previously existing. When Hugh Mackay, son of John Mackay of Musal, left for Jamaica, he composed a song which is a somewhat free paraphrased translation of "Farewell to Lochaber." The song on page 203 is an improved version of a West Country song. It appears in its original condition in a Collection of Songs by Marion Cameron published in Inverness in 1805. "Isabel Nic Aoidh," is the one, however, of which there are more popular versions than any other. That at p. 181, is from the Thomson MS., but that given below is also from the same source, the only difference being one of arrangement. This, however, is the one more generally accepted and best known:—

ISABAIL NIC AOIDH

(*An ceud siubhal.*)

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh 's i 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnamh na 'm frith' 's i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh !
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaidh
 'S i so do thlòm.

Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnamh na 'm frith'
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Comharradh dubh,
 Nach eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhith feadh an so,
 'N uair tha bean-tigh'
 Air Ridhean-nan-Damh,
 Muigh aig a chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An dara siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-tigh'
 Air Ridhean-nan-Damh,
 Muigh aig a chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri, &c.

Duine 's am bith
 Th' air son a chluich',
 Do chinneadh maith,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith',
 Do Ridhean-nan-Damh ;
 Gheibh e bean-tigh
 'S i 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An Taobhluath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a chleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh
 Air achadh 'n aonar, &c.

'S neònach am fasan
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh fein e bhith aca,

Bhith fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar, &c.

An Crunluath.

Seall sibh air a cheannaidheachd,
 An iomalladh na mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
 Na h-uile lath' 'n a h-aonar, &c.
 Innsidh mise do dh-iomadh fear,
 'S an rannaidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
 Gu'm beil i air a cùmail
 As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,
 Le ballanan 's cuinneagan,
 An iomalladh na mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach
 Na h-uile lath' 'en a h-aonar.

A belief is common that in his native parish of Bunness there must still be met with quite a number of songs composed by Rob Donn. This is a fallacy, and statements made as to certain individuals being able to recite quite a number not included in the first edition, have to be received with caution. A large number of apt sayings and smart witty verses are certainly to be met with in that district, and, for the most part, they are fathered upon Rob Donn. A close and critical examination will soon make it plain that few of them have any claim to so distinguished an origin. They may be and often are clever imitations. Rob Donn's influence both as poet and conversationalist did not die with him. Indeed it may be said not to be dead after a century

has elapsed. It exerted a powerful influence for a generation after his day, and there were up to the middle of this century not a few in the parish of Durness who practised song-making and cultivated the art of repartee in conversation.

It is certainly difficult to say if we have lost much by the poet's inability to write. Two manuscript collections of his songs were made during his life time and to his own dictation. One of these was written by the Rev. Æneas Macleod, who was minister of Rogart from 1774 to 1794. It was this manuscript that was used for the most part by Dr Mackintosh Mackay in preparing the first edition of the poems. The other manuscript collection was by one of the daughters of the Rev. John Thomson, who was minister of Durness from the death of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald to 1811. This collection had the advantage of being written with the poet himself at hand to consult, but on the other hand it was revised by the Rev. William Findlater. It also was in the possession of Dr Mackay at the same time as the Macleod MS. It is to it that many emendations in the present edition are due. The additional poems and stanzas in this volume may be accepted as genuine. They have been selected with every possible care from a large miscellaneous collection made in the course of many years.

It is singular that there are so few relics of one who was held in such high esteem by rich and poor alike. The poets' quaich, or drinking cup, is now in

the possession of Miss Findlater of London, and, his walking-stick, acquired by a Thurso gentleman from his grand-daughter, came recently into the possession of the writer. The poet's gun lies hid in the hills of Durness. Feeling old age coming upon him, and fretting under the growing restriction upon the use of his favourite weapon, he marched with it one summer morning and buried it out of his sight. The whereabouts of the spot is known to some of the people now living.* Its recovery would be an interesting event.

Reference has already been made to the intimacy which existed between the poet and the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald. It is just to mention that to this is due in large measure the similarity of ideas expressed by our bard and those of the poet Pope. Mr Macdonald translated some of Pope's works into Gaelic, and in his monthly fellowship meetings he made frequent reference to the thoughts and ideas expressed in them. Rob Donn could not but be influenced by these, and even in his own day the similarity of thought was noticeable, and Mr George Morrison of Ardbeg notices it in his elegy. Rob Donn was also intimately acquainted with Mr Pope of Reay, who entertained such a high notion of his namesake's ability that he travelled to the South of England to pay him his respects.

With the Rev. John Thomson, who succeeded Mr Macdonald in the pastoral charge of Durness in 1763, Rob did not get on well at first, and indulged in

* Lecture by Capt. W. Morrison

satirical sallies at the expense of his minister, although afterwards it is stated that they became good friends. Mr Thomson's upright conduct, high moral character, and honest and diligent discharge of his ministerial duties, impressed the poet in common with the people of the parish. Shortly after Mr Thomson's induction, Rob was in Thurso, where he was met by the Rev. Dr Nicolson, who, while a clergyman of acknowledged ability, did not display any great diligence or zeal in his calling. Expecting to be entertained by one of the bard's witty sallies at Mr Thomson's expense, Dr Nicolson inquired, "Well, and how does Mr Thomson nowadays?"

"Mr Thomson," replied the bard, "is doing what you never did or will do—he is doing his best."

Rob Donn's wife was a helpmeet to him in every respect. From what is known of their home life, she deserves the encomium passed upon her by Roderick Morrison. The poet, especially in his later years, was frequently from home. His company was much sought after and his presence was in request in every part of Sutherland and Caithness. If business took him away in the earlier part of their married life, pleasure and social duties increased their demands, especially after his return from the Fencibles. Yet Janet never complained so far as we know. That she had trials need not be questioned, but on the whole the family was fairly well brought up. She could not at any time have had much leisure from family cares. She not only attended to her domestic duties, but acted as dairywoman in Balnaceill. She was frequently in

demand as a nurse on interesting occasions, and at one time was in the family of Mackay of Bighouse for nearly a year on end. Latterly, her health gave way, and Robert, resigning his place at Balnaceill, took up his residence at the township of Nuybig in the neighbourhood. His wife did not live long after the change, and in less than a twelvemonth after her death, he himself passed away in his sixty-fourth year. He was buried on the south side of the church, and a plain slab covers his grave with the simple inscription, "Rob Donn, 1777." The date is not right, however. He died in August 1778.

Half a century later, his countrymen, under the guidance of Captain Donald Mackay of the 21st Foot, erected a handsome granite monument to his memory at the west end of the church. Its foundation was laid with masonic honours on the 12th January, Old New Year's Day, 1829, in the presence of one of the largest concourses of people gathered in the Reay Country since the raising of the Fencibles. The monument has an inscription on each of its four sides. That on the first is :—

"In memory of Rob Donn, otherwise Robert Mackay of Durness, *the Reay Gaelic bard*. This Tomb was erected at the expense of a few of his countrymen, Ardent admirers of native Talent and Extraordinary Genius, 1829."

The second side has

"Poeta nascitur non fit" obiit 1778.

The third side bears a quotation from the poet's

own elegy to Mr Macdonald together with a Greek quotation, as follows :—

“ Bu shluagh borb sinn gun bhreitheanas,
'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu, mur sgathadh sud oirnn.”

“ Λέγεις· ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμ' ὁ πορσύνας τάδε
Γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἥ σ' εἶχεν πάλαι.”

The fourth side contains the following tribute to the bard's memory by the Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay :—

“ Siste viator, iter, jacet hic sub cespite Donnus,
Qui cecinit forma præstantes rure puellas ;
Quique novos læto celebravit carmine sponso ;
Quique bene meritos lugubri voce deflevit ;
Et acriter variis momordit vitia modis.”

ÆTATIS 64.

Roderick Morrison of Cearvaig, near Cape Wrath, has given the only personal description we have of the bard. Roderick described him as “brown haired, brown eyed, rather pale complexioned, clear skinned, and, I would say, good-looking. When he entered a room his eye caught the whole at a glance, and the expression of his countenance always indicated much animation and energy. In figure he was rather below middle size and stout and well formed for his size. In the month of November preceding his death, he attended the interment of an uncle of mine, who was a co-age of his. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert turned to me and said, ‘There is my co-age committed to earth, aged 63, and before this time next year, I shall be laid

down here too.' . . . I have always understood him to have been particularly happy in domestic life. His wife, Janet Mackay, was a remarkably sensible woman, and so active in her habits that she kept their concerns at home in order when Robert was absent. She was a fine singer, and it was delightful to hear them in the winter evenings sing together. Two of the daughters had some turn for composing verses, and occasionally amused their father by quick replies to his impromptus, composed to any passing incident."

No event since the decease of George, Lord Reay, cast such a gloom over the Reay country as the death of Rob Donn. A common sorrow prevailed all ranks. Rich and poor alike lamented the early passing away of one who was the brightest ornament of the generation in which he lived and sang. His life was exemplary in every respect. He did not always choose his company, but he shunned the thoughtless and the coarse. He abhorred miserliness in every form, but extolled the virtue of being 'given to hospitality.' His love songs, though few in number, are models of delicate feeling and expression, and his elegies breathe an air of profound sympathy. By his satires he ruled the whole country round. The oppressor had to reckon with his power, and the poor and the humble felt that they had one whose presence was their protection. He was in touch with every aspiration and with the varying phases of the everyday life of the common people, and, when he passed away, each one felt that he had lost a friend. His death did not affect the Reay country alone. All

over the North the news caused universal grief. To many the personal element figured largely. The loss of Rob Donn as a friend touched their hearts. His geniality was only excelled by his genius. His rivals in poetry went out as a matter of course. He excelled them as one star excelleth another, and he has had no equal since. If he had enemies in his life time they have not been much heard of. When he was laid to rest in Balnaceill there were few dry eyes in the vast concourse that surrounded his grave. The "memory" of that day did not die with those who were spectators. It has survived a hundred years and more in the traditions of the country of his birth.

Estimates of Rob Donn as a man and a poet have been given to the world, but the two poems following, the first by George Morrison of Ardbeg, on the death of the poet, and the other by John Mackay of Strathmelness, in his praise in his life time as products of the country which reckons Rob Donn its most illustrious son, are given as a fitting conclusion to this sketch.

By John Mackay of Strathmelness, who, by reason of old age, was discontinuing verse-making. Rob and he regarded each other with affection. Mr Mackay always addressed Rob as "my son" and the poet returned the compliment by calling him "father."

THA lusan aig a' ghàirneilear,
 Nach fhas 's na h-uile fonn,
Filius ante patrem,
 'S e bhàrr a 's fearr na 'bhonn :
 Ma dh' agairear na talannan-s',
 An àit-éigin tha thall,
 Bidh mo chuid-s' do 'n bhàrdaidheachd,
 Deadh phàidhte le Rob Donn.

Bha mis' uair is chinneadh dàn leam,
 Air an tugadh càirdean meas,
 'N uair a shuidheadh iad 's an tàbhurn,
 Mo làmh-sa nach fàgtadh mis';
 Ach tha mi air sgar d' an cheàird ud,
 Tha mo chàil air fàs ni 's mios,—
 Bheir mi thairis an dòrn spòrs ud,
 Seall tu, m' òrdag fo do chrìos !

'N uair bhios an solus gun éiridh,
 Bidh 'n talamh gu léir an call ;
 Ach 'n uair thaisbeanas a' ghrian,
 Eiltichidh gach sliabh is fonn ;
 Tha m' obair-sa air dol gu lar,
 Theid i bàs do dh'ith nam fonn—
 Ach leis gach breitheamh d' an eòl dàn
 Bidh cuimhne gu brath air Rob Donn.

By George Morrison of Ardbeg, Eddrachillis.

NAIGHEACHD chruaidh a chaidh aithris,
 Nios thar a' Bhealach an dé;
 Leam is duilich a chlàistinn,
 Nach robh an sgeul ud 'n a bhreug;
 'S ni tha dearbht' nach cum pàirtean,
 No clall nàduir o 'n eug,—
 Tha Rob Donn air a chàradh,
 'S an ùir, o bhàsaich e de.

Fhir bu chomasaich' inntinn,
 A bha, air chinnte d' an àl-s'
 Réir a' chothroim a fhuair thu
 C' ait an cualas ni b' fheàrr ;
 Measg do thàlanta buadhach,
 'S tu a fhuair a' ghibht'-bhàird,—
 Beul a dheanadh, 's a sheinneadh,
 Gu ro ghrinneil an dàn.

Cha d' rinn airc thus' a bhrìobadh,
 An aghaidh soillse gu taobh,

'S cha tugadh geilt ort nach innseadh tu
 'N uair bhiodh 'n fhirinn air t' ùidh,
 Cha robh bàrr aig fear eil' ort
 Gu bhi moladh nan saoi ;
 Ach 'n uair dheanadh tu di-moladh,
 Sin 'n uair chriothnaicheadh 'n daoibh.

'S tric a dh' fhoillsich do dhàinte-sa,
 Nì bheir àireamh fuidh smal ;
 'S cia b' e shealladh 'n ad shaothair,
 'S es' a chitheadh gu glan,
 Gun robh do chomasan àrda,
 Os cionn àireamh dol thar,
 " Mar tha cliù nan Reul Tuath
 Air gach reannag shuas a' toirt car."

Thàinig smal oirnn le cianalas,
 Nis o 'n thriall thu do 'n ùir,
 Fhir bu chuimseich' 's bu chiallaich',
 Bu mhòr t' fhiach feadh na dùthch',
 O 'n bha nàduir cho fial riut,
 A' toirt ciall diut is tùir,
 Thog luchd-teagaisg is riaghlaidh
 O do riaghailtean s' iùl.

Fhìlidh chiallaich na h-Alba !
 Rinn na marbhrainn a b' fheàrr;
 Leughar ulaidhean t' inntinn,
 A measg seinn do chuid dàn,
 Cha chan mise mu d' chliùth-sa,
 Leth 's a b' fhiù thu gu bràth,
 'N uair nach tog' as an ùir thu,
 Do thoirt iùil domh nì b' fhearr.

B' e mo thoil gu 'm b' i 'n innleachd,
 Gu cumail cuimhn' ort a leant',
 Do chuid òran a sgrìobhadh,
 'S an cur slos ann am *print*;
 'N uair a bhidhteadh 'g an leughadh,
 'S iad cho ciatach 's cho greant',
 Bheireadh breitheamhnan fiùghail
 Dhiut deadh bhiùthas mar *rent*.

'S tusa 'n duine bha eudmhor.
 Air son eucoir a chlaoidh,
 'S tric a chionaich thu geur i,
 A 'm mi-bheusaibh an daoì ;
 'S minic fhuair thu do shàruchadh,
 'S bhiodh tu cràiteach d' a chinn,
 Iad bhi riut ann an nàimhdeas,
 'N uair 's e 'n càirdeas bh' air t' ùidh.

Gu 'n d' thug gibhtealachd nàdur',
 Dhuit iteag àrd nach robh fiar,
 Dh' fhàg fuidh mheas aig gach àrmunn thu,
 Anns na h-àitibh-s' an Iar :
 'S goirt a' chis tha aig bàs oirnn,
 A' gearradh mhàn ar cuid rial,
 'N uair a dh' fhoirficheas pàirtean.
 'S 'n uair a dh' fhàsas an ciall.

Smuainteach, beartach, ro ghnìomhach,
 Air siubhal dlomhaìr a leant',
 Tional neamhnuidean nàdurra,
 Gu rùsgadh 'n àillt' do gach fear ;
 Bu tu 'n seillein ro chùbhraidh,
 Bha toigheach, iùlmhor, glé mhion :—
 Cha robh luibh air an siùbhladh tu,
 As nach drùchdadh tu mil.

'N uair bhiodh uaislean na Siorr'achd
 A dlùth thional le 'n cùirt,
 Pàirt d' am miann is d' an aighear,
 Thu a thaoghal dhoibh dlùth ;
 Chuireadh cuimse do chéille,
 Ceòl nan teud dhoibh gu taobh,
 Ged a tha thu nis ìosal,
 An tigh dì-chuimhn' na h-uir.

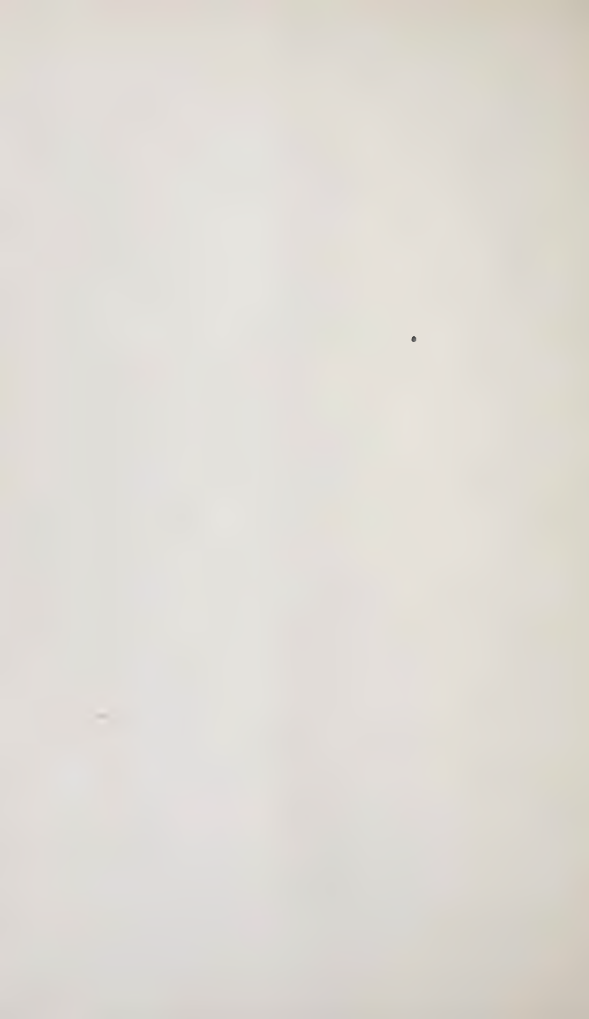
Bu mhòr do rùm anns an t-sreath,
 'N uair shuidheadh maithean le chéil' ;
 'S mòr am bearn thu á 'n còmhdhail,
 Latha mòide no féill ;

Eadar comasan t' inntinn,
 Agus doimhneachd do chéill',
 Co a chuireadh ort tòimhseachan,
 Ann an còmhradh le beul?

Am fear a 's maiseich' am beusaibh,
 Cha 'n fhear es' tha gun lochd ;
 'S duine foirf', a' àit am faod sinn,
 Dhol do 'fhaotainn a nochd ?
 Gu bheil cuid mu dheadh bhuadhan
 Nach dean luaidh, mach toir toirt ;
 Ach mar chuileagan fiadhaich,
 A' ruith, 's a' pianadh nan lot.

Cho luath 's a chaochail am bàs thu,
 Chaill luchd dàna am prop ;
 Cha robh foill do na bàrdaibh,
 Bhi 'g ad àireamh 'n ad *thop* ;
 Na 'm bu leat tomhas foghlum,
 Do réir do chéill' an robh *stoc*,
 'S e mo bheachd gur tu féin
 Aon cho geur 's thig air *Pope*.

Tha do shaothair cho pailt
 'S nach 'eil i 'n airc mo chuid rann ;
 Ach na 'm biodh 'n corr air mo chomas,
 B' e mo chomain a bh' ann ;
 Bidh mi 'g aithris na rinn thu,
 Oir tha toillteanas ann,
 'S mò a chuireas e chliù ort,
 Na na chùinneas mo cheann.



MARBHRANNA.

(ELEGIES.)

TO JOHN MUNRO and DONALD MACKAY,

Two men of considerable note : the Rev. John Munro, minister of Eddrachilis, and Donald Mackay, schoolmaster in the parish of Farr. Mr Munro was settled in Eddrachilis in June 1743, and died there on the 13th February 1755. No particulars can now be obtained regarding Mr Mackay, although tradition ascribes to him a high place in his profession, and great influence in his own and the adjoining parishes.

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair tha laidir, treun thu ;
An cogadh no 'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shàr,
Aon duine cha 'n fhàir do thréigsinn ;
Thug thu an trath-sa
Dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàn, is foghlum ;
'S is fhurasd dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
Mu 'n dithis so dh' fhalbh,
'N uair ruith thu air lorg a chéil iad ;
C' uime nach d' fhàg thu
Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail ;

A' bhruidhean a b' fhèarr
 A' tighinn o 'm beul,
 'S an cridheachan làn do reuson ;
 Chaidh gibhteachan gràis
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnàths,
 'S bha 'n cneasdachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall
 Air gearradh á bonn,
 Gach ain-iochd, gach feall, 's gach eucoir ;
 Dà sholus a dh' fhalbh
 A earrannaibh garbh',
 Dh' fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin ;
 Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
 Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh is feum dheth ;
 Mar ris gach aon ni,
 Dh' aithris iad dhuinn,
 Chaidh 'n gearradh á tìom an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,
 Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
 Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd ;
 Dithis, bha 'm bàs
 'N a bhriseadh do chàch,
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e ;
 Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
 Dhuinn chreidsinn 'n uair dh' fhalbh,
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad.
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
 'N uair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeula r' a h-inns'
 Mu dhéighinn na dith's,
 A 's feumail 'a bhios na ceudan ;
 Feudaiddh mi ràdh,
 Ge teumnach am bàs,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
 Ged thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr' ;
 Is iomadh beul cinn,
 Ag aithris 's gach linn,
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,
 Tuig'maid an t-*stràchd-s'* ;
 Is cleachdamaid trath ar reuson ;
 Nach faic sibh o 'n bha,
 An lathaichean s' gearr,
 Gu 'n do ruith iad nì b' fheàrr an réis ud ;
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,
 Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sinn an àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceumaibh.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri deòir cha 'n èisd e.

Chi mi gur fiù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an *clùd* mar éididh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid do dh-uin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éiric ;
 Cha leig'maid an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhìos,
 Na 'm b' urr' dhuinn an dìol le seudaibh ;
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean ;
 Cha bhacar le 'phrìs,
 Air t' ais thu a rìs,
 'S tu dh' easbhtuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach o na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coinnimh an òig,
 Mu 'm feudar am pòsadh éigheachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
 Is anail 'n ar sròn,
 Cuirear uile sinn fò na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhrac ar cinn cha léir e :
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le clusaibh reusoin :
 Nach dearc sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo iùl,
 'S e sealltuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh ciod am fàth,
 Nach bidh'maid air *gheàrd*,¹
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbuidh 'n dé uainn.

An cumhachd a tha
 Cur thugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'fhéich dha ;
 Tha misneachd is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall a bheul dha ;
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas air teann,
 'S fear-tighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 Is Cruithfhear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

¹ Guard.

4thTO DONALD, ~~3rd~~ LORD REAY,

Who died in 1761. He succeeded to the title in 1748 on the death of his father, Lord George, known as "Am Morair mor."

'S i so nollaig a 's cianail'

A chunncas riamh le mo shùil ;

'S soilleir easbhuidh ar Triath oirnn,

An àm do 'n bhliadhna tigh'nn ùr ;

Ceann na cuideachd 's na tàbhuirnn,

Luchd nan dàn, is a' chiùil,

'N a luidhe 'n eaglas *Cheann-tàile*,¹

'S an rùm tha mhàn fo 'n ùir.²

'S iomadh buille bha cràiteach,

A rinn am bàs a thoirt dhuinn,

Air chosd gheugan do theaghlaich,

Gun athadh bonn do na cinn ;

Ach cha deach' uiread do thròcair

A chur fo 'n fhòd ri mo linn,

'S a chaidh chàradh 's an tòma,³

Le Morair Dòmhnall MacAoidh.

Bu lionmhor buaidh bh' ann do nàdur,

Nach urrainn bàrd chur an céill ;

Cha d' àt do mhoraireachd t' àrdan,

'S cha d' leag càirdeas do spéis ;

¹ Tongue, popularly Kintail, also Kintail-Mackay in contradistinction to the other Kintail, Kintail-Mackenzie.

² The family vault of the Reay family in the church of Tongue.

³ Tomb.

B' fhiù do chòirean an sgaoileadh
 Air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir;
 Gun robh do mhaitheanas ullamh
 Do 'n neach a mhealladh thu 'n dé.

'S tric a dh' innis do ghnìombara,
 Nach robh crìonachd 'n ad rùn;
 'S tu thug feart air an dìomh'nas
 Bha air crìoch luchd nan dùn.
 Chuireadh buileachadh d' fhàbhoir
 Uiread fàilt ann do ghnùis,
 'S a bhitheadh air na fir gionach,
 An àm cur sgillin ri crùn.

'S tusa tharruing gu tìomail
 O chleachdamh dhaoine 's am beus,
 Gu 'n robh 'n caitheamh 's an t-anabarr,
 'N a ni a dh' fhalbhadh gun fheum;
 'S uiread beartais 's a dh' fhàg thu,
 G' a roinn aig càch as do dhéigh;
 Ach bha thu cunntadh do dhaonnachd,
 Mar *stoc* a shaor thu dhuit féin.

'N uair thigeadh àm na Féill-Màrtuinn,
 Is cunntadh *Rainnt*¹ thugad féin,
 Bhiodh do shùil ris gach pàipeir,
 A chuireadh 'n *clarc* as a dhéigh;
 'S maith a dh' aithnicheadh tu 'n t-airidh,
 'S an neach a thàrladh 's an fheum;
 'S e do phearín a bhiodh èasgaidh
 Gu dubhadh mach an cuid féich.

¹ Rent. Màl, which is substituted by Dr Mackay, is rarely used in Sutherland.

Na 'm bitheadh gionaich 'n ad nàdur,
 C' uim' nach deanadh tu tòrr,
 Leis na thogtadh do mhàl¹ dhuit,
 'S le do *phension* d' a chòrr :
 'N uair a gheibheadh tu 'm meall ud,
 'S ann leat a b' annsa gu mòr,
 Iomhaigh Dhé air bochd aoidheil,
 Na ìomhaigh 'n Rìgh air an òr.

Gheibhear cron dha do sgaoilteachd,
 'S nach do chaomhain thu 'n còrr,
 Leis an fhear tha na ghlutair,
 Gu deanamh upainn do 'n òr ;
 A dh' iarras fois thoirt d' a anam,
 'N uair chì e mar ris ni 's leòir,
 'S e 'n neach sin féin ris an canar
 Le Dia, an t-amadan mòr.

Seallaibh eachdraidh a' Bhìobuill.
 Chum na crìche o thùs,
 'S gheibh sibh olc nach robh 'n aoraibh
 Nam fìor eucoireach mòr',
 Agus starraidhnean mìodhoir
 Anns na Crìosdaidhibh còir ;
 Ach an crìon pheacadh biasdail,
 Cha d' fheud e riamh bhi 's an t-seòrs'.

Ge maith eòlas na firinn,
 Nì mòran bruidhean gun stuaim ;
 'S soilleir comharr' 'n deadh Chrìosduidh,
 Do 'n nòs bhi gnìomhach gun fhuaim ;

¹ *Rainnt* in MS



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+

Seallaidh Athair na caomhachd
 Air fear na daonnachd gun ghruaim,
 'N uair a their e ri crìon-fhear,
 "Bidh-s' gu sìorruidh dol uam."

Labhraidh buidheann gun chreidimh,
 Le mòran glaigeis 'n an ceann ;
 Ach 'n uair thig iad gu cleachdamh,
 Cha 'n fhaighear am focal ach fann ;
 An teis-meadhon am pailteis,
 Mar 's an airc bitheadh iad gann ;—
 'S 'n uair is toirmneich' am farum,
 Gur corp gun anam tha ann.

Abram, athair nan creidmheach—
 Or 's e gun teagamh a bh' ann ;
 Dhiùlt e beartas Rìgh Shòdoim,
 Ged bu mhaith a chòir air 's an àm ;—
 Bhiadh e ainglean gun fhios da,
 Le blas is iochd nach robh gann ;
 Cia mar 's dàna le fionaig
 A ràdh gur h-aon e d' a chlann.

Cha b' ionann dòigh an robh gaol dhuit,
 'S do mhòran daoine tha beò,
 A bhios luchd-masguill a' séideadh,
 'N uair ni iad eucoir no còir,
 Air eagal uile tha 'n an nàdur,
 O 'n tha iad nàimhdeil gu tòir,
 No bhi 'g earbsadh o 'n lamhan,
 Am maith nach dean iad d' an deòin.

Gaol do Dhia, 's dha do nàbuidh,
 Sùim nan àithntean gu léir ;

'S their a' mhuinntir gun chràbhadh,
 Gu 'm bheil an nàdur-s' d' an réir ;
 Ach iads' tha beartach gun charrthunn,
 Riuth-s' a thàrlas 'n am feum
 Tha na Sgriobtuir 'g an sgàradh,
 O luchd na dàimh' ri Dia féin.

Bha daoine àrda do d' Shinnsear,
 An cliù, 's an inntinn, 's an céill,
 Bha 'g an giùlan mar Righribh,
 A thaobh an innleachdan féin :
 Cha d' thainig duine dhiubh 'n àird' riut,
 Ann am blàth's ri luchd feum',
 'S fhusa 'dhùrachd na 'earbsadh,
 Gu 'n tig nì 's feàrr 'n ad dhéigh.

'S tric le filidhean dhaoine
 Thigh'nn air an fhìrinn ro theann ;
 Ach 's tearc againn an t-àireamh
 A sheasas t' àit dhuinn 's an àm :
 Ach o nach 'eil mi m' fhìor fhàidh,
 'S e 'n neach a b' fheàrr leam thigh'nn ann,
 Fear nam buadhan, nì t' fhàgail,
 'S a dheanadh breugach mo rann.

Cha dean mo mholadh-s' nì 's àird' thu,
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n dràsda 'n a fheum ;
 Sgaoil do bhuadhan am pailteas,
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n airc chur an céill ;
 Ach 'n uair their mi 'n dàn bròin so
 Do dhaoinibh mòr' as do dhéigh,
 Mur bi 'leithid r' a inns' orr',
 Cha bheag an nàire e dhoibh féin.

TO HUGH MACKAY,

Son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Farr, who died in 1746.
Though a young man he was held in great esteem in the
Reay country.

HUISTEIN, soraidh le t' iomradh,
O 'n chaidh t' iomchair air fàradh ;
Hùistein òig sin mhic Reabairt,
Tha do leabaidh 's na clàraibh.
Anns an dearbh bharail againn,
Cha b' ann abuich a bha thu ;
Ach 's e breitheamh nan uile,
Ghlac 's a' chumadh a b' fheàrr thu.

Co an nàbaidh no 'n caraid,
A chuir aithn' air do bheusaibh,
Do nach b' aobhar gu osnaich,
A luaith'd 's a choisinn an t-eug thu.
Fhir bha gealltuinn le d' chomas,
Bhi do 'n fholluiseachd feumail ;
Bha thu treun ann am pearsa,
'S ni bu treis' ann an reuson.

A bhi 'g innseadh do chliù-sa,
Thug sud dùbhlán do m' gheurad,
Lughad àireamh do laithean,
Agus feabhas do bheusan.

Fhuair thu comain o 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Air nach d' ràinig na ceudan,
 O 'n là dh'fheuch iad am brod¹ duit,
 Cha robh stad ann ad fhoghlum.

O 'n uair 's an d' thàinig am fleasgach,
 Gu àm cleachdaidh a thuigse,
 Cha do shuidh e mu bhòrd,
 Nach tugadh 'fhoghlum gu meas e.
 Bha e 'n a ghaisgeach neo-spòrsail,
 Is 'n a phòitear neo-mhisgeach,
 Ciod a' chuideachd a chunntar,
 As nach ionndrain a nis e.

Fhir nach d'fhuair sinn ach ias'd dhiot,
 Ann am bliadhnachaibh goirid;
 Fhir a thiorcadh na dh' earbadh,
 'S fhir a dhearbhadh na theireadh.
 Fhir bu mheasa do d' nàmhaid,
 'S fhir a b' fheàrr do charaid,
 Tha do chliùth-sa cho làidir,
 'S nach do bhàsaich e mar riut.

'S beag a dh' fhoghnadh do chainnt dhomh,
 Gu do rann dheanamh soilleir,
 Oir cha d' rugadh o 'n uair sin,
 Duin' a b' uaisle na chailleadh.
 Bha thu mach air an tritheamh,
 O Mhac Aoidh ri do shloinneadh,
 'S o thaobh eile do dhaoine,
 Do fhuil dhìreach Mhic Coinnich.

¹ The A, B, C. *Am Brod* was really the horn-book used by school children.

Gabham leithsgeul an cumha,
 A lìon 's a liuth' rinn thu fhàgail,
 Ged a bhiodh tu 'n an caidreamh,
 Uin' a b' fhaide na bha thu ;
 'S mairg a chunnaic do leithid,
 Air cho beag laithean.'s a dh'fhàg thu,
 Gun do mhac no do nighean
 Gu bhì 'n an suidh' air do làraich.

Buinidh dhuinne bhì umhail,
 Rì bhì cumhadh na chaill sinn,
 Agus labhairt gu tairis
 Air a' ghalar a chraidh sinn ;
 Gun bhì casaid gun reuson,
 Air an eug a thug uainn thu ;
 'S an àm taghaidh nan daoine,
 Co nach sìneadh mar rinn e.

'S goirt an naidheachd so thàinig,
 Chum na dh'fhàg thu 's an dùthaich ;
 Air mìos deiridh a' gheamhraidh ,
 Cha bu ghann duinn ar ciùrradh ;
 'S iomadh comharradh cianail
 Bh' air a bhliadhn' an d' fhalbh Hùistean,
 Air dà fhichead 's a sèa dhiu,
 Thar seachd ceud agus sùsdan.¹

¹ Thousand.

To JOHN MACKAY,

Better known as John MacRobart, who was of the Abrach branch of the Clan Mackay. These inhabited the district of Achness and the neighbourhood, known as the Heights of Strathnaver. Their burying-ground at Grumbeg is divided into two parts, one being sacred to the Clan Abrach, and the other open to all. A conflict between two sections of the Mackays took place at this place on the occasion of a funeral.

THUG an t-aog uainn 'n ar n-amharc,
Mach á dìthreabh *Strath-namhuir*,
'N t-aon fhear nach d' fhàg samhail 'n a dhéigh.
Thug an t-aog uainn, &c.

Cùis àrdain nan Abrach,
Làimh làidir nach bagradh,
Iain failteach Mac Raiberit 'Ic-Néill.
Cùis àrdain, &c.

Corpa calma, bha fearail,
Inntinn earbsach làn onoir,
Làmh a dhearbhadh na chanadh a' bheul.
Corp calma, &c.

Bu tu 'n companach deala,
'S bu tu ceannard na cloinne,
Bha thu 'n t-aon rud dh' fhear eile 's duit féin.
Bu tu 'n companach, &c.

Bu tu 'm fialaidh neo-bhòsdail,
 Agus biadhtach na pòcaid,
 Ceanna cliar agus còmhnuidh luchd-feum.
 Bu tu 'm fialaidh, &c.

C' àit an cual' sibh a' tighinn,
 Aon cho buadhach am bruidhean,
 Air nach d' fhuaras ni bhitheadh 'n a éis.
 C' àit an cual' sibh, &c.

'N am biodh iomlaineachd agam,
 Gus an tiom-chràdh-s' chur stad air,
 B' e mo dhùrachd thu bhi fada o 'n eug.
 'N am biodh iomlaineachd, &c.

Na 'm bu ni àraidh bhi bòsdail,
 As na gàirdeinibh feòla,
 'S tus an t-aon a b' fheàrr còir air cur tréis.
 Na 'm bu ni, &c.

'N uair is lìonmhoire cumhachd,
 'S ann is dì-chuimhneich' cumha,
 Na 'n uair 's dìobhailich' puthar an éug.
 'N uair is lìonmhoire, &c.

Is mur fìor domh na thubhairt,
 Mu na Chrìosdaidh bu mhodha,
 Leigeam 'fhianuis air *Muthadal* féin.
 Is mur fìor domh, &c.

TO BETTY SUTHERLAND,

Wife of Mr Walter Gray. She was held in high esteem all over the county of Sutherland.

A Bheataidh Sutharlan, ma dh' eug thu,
 S àrd a dh' éirich cliù leat ;
 'S e bròn do dhaoin', is call do thìr',
 Nach d' fhuair iad tìom bu mhò dhiot :
 Ged thàrladh tric am bàs gun iochd,
 'S e'n t-Ard Rìgh glic tha stiùradh,
 'S e dh' abaich riamh do chainnt, 's do ghnìomh,
 Air chinn na crìch' bha rhùn air.

Cha 'n fhàir mi ceartas thoirt ni 's leòir,
 Do 'n t-sàr-mhnaoi òig-s' bha ainmeil :
 Aig meud gach buaidh bha oirr' r' a luaidh,
 'S a lugh'd 's a fhuair i dh' aimsir :
 Do phàirtean breith, 's do chleachd'an beath',
 Gach puinc fa leth 'g ad leanmhuinn,
 Do chliùthan àrd bheir dùbhlàn bàird,
 G' a ghiùlan slàn mar sheanchas.

Chaidh do bhreith thar chàch gu léir,
 Anns na rinneadh 'n tùs leat ;
 Cia lìonmhor foighneachd bh' ort 'n ad mhaigh-
 dean,
 Thagh thus an deagh fhear pòsda ;



Cha b'chruaidh a chàs, 'n uair fhuair thu'm bàs,
 Gu 'n robh e pàight' gu leòr ann,
 Thug beagan bhliadhnan sìth dha dhìot',
 Nach tugadh ceud tha beò dha.

Cha 'n ann gun chuimhneachan a dh' fhalbh
 Am pearsa dealbhach stuama ;
 Do shliochd 's do chliù, le tuigse dhùint',
 Gun fhios cia dhiubh bha 'n uachdar ;
 Do chlann ag fàs ri athair dàimheil,
 Geallt'nach àrd air buaidh iad ;
 Bidh iad ag ràdh nach cinn gu bràth leo,
 Gnìomh a 's fèarr na 's dual doibh.

Cha 'n fhac' 's cha chualas 's an Taobh-Tuath,
 Aon bhean an uails' thug bàrr ort,
 Do bheusan stuam' an leughar buaidh,
 Gach teaghlaich sluaigh o 'n d' fhàs thu :
 Do làmhan gleust', 's do thuigse gheur,
 Far 'n do chòmhlaich foghlum nàdur,
 Mar aon an ceud bha faoilidh, fial,
 'S nach d' aontaich riamh ri àrdan.

Na théid an rannachd dhuit no 'm fonn,
 Cha dean e bonn ni 's aird' thu ;
 'S maith a b' fhiù e chur an céill,
 Na 'm bitheadh feum do chàch ann ;
 Bu chòir do ghnìomh, do chainnt, 's do a chiall,
 A sgrìobhadh sìos air pàipear,
 'S a chur an seòmar gach mnath' òig,
 Gu bhi fa' còir mar *phàtran*.

Rinn t' oilean iriosal thu sìobhalt,
 An cuideachd ìosal Ghàidhealt',
 Rinn t'fhoghlum beartach thu 'n ad bhall
 Do 'n chuideachd Ghallda b' àirde ;
 Dheanadh tu iomchair mhaith le t' uails',
 An cuideachd—fuar no blàth iad,
 'S ann dh' aithnichteadh t' fhaoilt ri neach a
 chit',
 Air am faighteadh saoil a' chràbhaidh.

Gun luaidh air càirdibh fola 's feòla,
 Rinn thu 'n còrr mu 'n cuairt dhuit ;
 'S thug thu aoibhneas do gach neach,
 A bha 'n cleamhnas fuaight' riut :
 O 'n bha mi ann, cha 'n fhacas leam,
 Aon neach rinn rium cho luath riut ;
 Tha gaol gach saoi gun cheilg do 'n mhnaoi,
 'S cha b' eòl dhomh aon thug fuath dhi,

Cha cheist 's an tìr, co leis an t-aon
 Mu 'm bheil 's ag inns' na cainnt' so,
 Bhean àluinn ghaoil, bh' aig Bhàtuir *Raoìn*,
 Ged thàir an t-aog fuidh chuing i ;
 'S e cainnt gach beòil mu ni cho mòr,
 Nach d' fheud gu leòir bhi taingeil ;
 An cridhe fial 'n do shuidh a' chiall,
 'S i nighean Thighearna *Langail*.

Cha ruig mi leas ni ràdh mu 'pears',
 An dealbh, an dreach, no 'n àillteachd ;
 Cha ruig mi feasd air innseadh ceart,
 Cia meud a beachd 's a tàbhachd ;

Ged 's cruaidh an sgeul gu 'n bhuail an t-eug,
 An uair sin féin a dh' fhàs thu,
 'S e bròn nan ceud da 'm b' eòl do rian,
 Gu 'm bu chuspunn riamh do 'n bhàs thu.

Cha 'n fhàir mi comain chur gu dearbh,
 Orrsa tha marbh 'n uair théid iad ;
 Ach gun an cliù a leigeadh bàs,
 Cho luath 's a dh' fhàgas iad sinn ;
 Cuiream an dàn-s' do *Chata* mhàn,
 Is 'n uair ni Bhàtair éisdeachd,
 Bithidh na rainn-s' 'n a bheul 'g an seinn,
 Mar chuimhneachan an déigh oirr'.

J. Inibach

To the REV. MURDOCH MACDONALD,

Minister of Durness from 1726 to 1763. He early recognised the poetic talent of Rob Donn, being a poet himself and a translator into Gaelic of many pieces. He translated a large portion of Pope's works, and recited them to meetings of his parishioners. Rob Donn, who was a frequent listener, caught up the ideas and made use of them as opportunity offered.

Mr Macdonald was a native of Ross, educated at St Andrews, married Agnes, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Cooper, Pittenweem. His family consisted of four sons and seven daughters, most of whom were musically inclined. The eldest daughter, Florence, and the second son, Joseph, composed airs to several of Rob Donn's pieces.

'S e do bhàs, Mhaighstir Mhurchaidh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chriosduidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh dì-chuimhn' air t' iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t' iomchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 'n d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuid *leasan*an buadhach,
 O bhruaich fhasanta t' uaghach,
 Nach d' thug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad uait féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,

Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhuit,
 Ann a t' alladh chur os àird dhuit,
 / Co na mis' do 'm bu chàra,
 'S co a b' fheàrr na thu thoill ?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh' fhàg sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,
 'S còir bhi 'g aithris am pàirtean,
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill.
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,
 Air deadh bhuadhannaibh nàduir,
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh' fhàg iad,
 Is comhstri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làidir,
 Air am measgadh le gràsaibh,
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,
 Iom-làn do na chéill ;
 An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
 An toil a b' èasgaidh' gu maitheadh,
 'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho flathail,
 Fad do bheatha gu léir.
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,
 Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnadh,
 Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,
 Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin.
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach
 Is an t-aineolach eòlach—
 'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòlaid,¹
 Bhi tabhairt còrr dhoibh do léirs'.

¹ Beo-shlainte.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumnach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,

Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh :
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoineach,
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothrach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tìomail,

'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath :
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gàbhaidh,
 Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,

Ni an àird na chaidh uainn.
 Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's is ioghnadh,
 No 'n nì a 's faisge do mhìorbhuil,
 Am bèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag tha air fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu,

O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin ;
 Ach mòran tartar is straighlich,
 Air son féich, agus oighreachd,
 D'fhag na beartaich mar bhann,

Air an clann as an déigh ;
 'S e nì a 's minic a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin diombuanachd tìoma,
 Gum beil gionaich nan daoine,
 Tarruing claothadh 'n an céill ;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no dòighean,
 Anns na freasdail so dhomhsa,

Nach toir earail 'n am chòmhdhail,
Le seann *nòt*¹ o do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
Smuainteach, focalach, gnìomhach,
Ann do ghnothuchaibh dìomhair,
Gun bhi dìomhain aon uair.
Chaith thu t' aimsir gu saoithreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine,
'S cha b' e truailidheachd shaoghalt
No aon ni chur thu suas.
'N uair tha nitheana taitneach,
Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaimh,
B' e chùis fharmaid fear t' fhasain
'S cha b' e beartas is uails',
A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Troimh na cathaibh bu ghairbhe,
Dh' ionnsuidh Fhlaitheas na tairbhe,
Gu buan shealbhachadh duais.

Gum beil cealgaireachd chràbhaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gàbhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairistinn r' a clàistinn,
Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh.
'N uair a thuit thu le bàs uainn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,²
Dhùisg na h-uilc sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhi an nàdur an t-sluaigh.

¹ Note.—It was customary then, and till recently, among the country people to ask those hearing a sermon to give a *note*, or recite some striking passage from it.

² Tether.

Gum beil cath aig an Ard Rìgh,
 Gu bhì gabhail nam pàirtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e gràsan,
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsaich,
 Anns an talamh-s' an trath so,
 So a' bharail th' aig pairt diubh,
 Tric 'g a leughadh air t' uaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasaibh,
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh is cha chualas,
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn.
 Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach tàlann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dàinte,
 'S am fear a dheanadh na rainn.
 A' chuid a b' àirde 's a' bhuidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,
 A tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn.
 'N uair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biasdan,—
 Cailleich-oidhch' agus srianaich,
 An coilltibh fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh' fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
 Tigh'nn air nitheanaibh talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur.
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n làr iad,
 Gus an nithibh a 's àirde,



'S ann a chluinneas tu pàirt diubh,
Mar na pàisdean gun chéill.
Fhuair mi car ann do rianaibh-s',
Le do ghibhtean cho fialaidh,
Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
An aon neach riamh ach thu féin,—
Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh,
Leis na theireadh tu dìomhan,
'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhiaradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine,
'S amfeadh a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
'S tu nach faodadh bhi pàidht' ;
Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an iomchainn,
Cha 'n 'eil focal mu 'n timchioll,
Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
Ach le 'n imrich 'n am bàs ;—
'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn,—
Bhi sìor ghearradh ar gaibhlean,
'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fàs ;
Gun cheann laidir gu 'fhoighneachd,
Co ni 'n àirde na chaill sinn ;
Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,
Nach tig t' oighre 'n ad àit.¹

Space/

¹ There was a desire on the part of many of the parishioners that Mr Macdonald's eldest son, Patrick, minister of Kilmore, should succeed his father in Durness.

TO THE SAME.

Lament composed on the occasion of a visit by the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, accompanied by his eldest boy, to the parish of Durness, little more than a twelvemonth after the death of his father. Mr Patrick wished to have something more in the nature of a lament than the preceding elegy.

'S cianail, is cianail, O ! 's cianail a tha mi,
'N ceann na bliadhna, O ! 's cianail a tha mi,
A Mhaighstir Mhurchadh, 's tu air m' fhàgail,
'S maire sinne, nach d'fhuair linn no dhà dhiot.

CHRIDHE an reusain, a bhéil na tàbhachd,
Cheann na céille, 's an fhoghluim chràbhaidh,
Làimh gun ghanntair 'n am dhuit paidheadh,
An uachdar a' bhùird, a ghnùis na fàilte.

'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan, o chloslaich am bàs thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna, air ciall, no air pairtean¹;
Thionndaidh na biasdan gu riasradh gràineil,
Leo-san leig Dia srian o 'n là sin.

'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar, mar aon ann am fàsach,
'S ni gun fheum dhomh, aobhar ghàire,
Cuims' ann an ciannt, ann an rainn no 'n danaibh,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann g' an clàistinn.

'S cianail, &c.

¹ Parts, gifts ; cf. the Scotch "a man o' pairts."

'S caomh leam an teaghlach, 's a' chlann sin a dh'
 fhàg thu,
 'S caomh leam na fuinn, bhiodhtadh seinn ann ad
 fhàrdoich ;
 'S caomh leam bhi 'g ùrachadh an cliù sin a' bha ort ;
 'S caomh leam an ùir th' air do thaobh-s' do na
 bhàghan !


'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn fa chomh'r do bhàis-sa,
 Ach ghabh iad sgìos ann am mìos no dhà dheth ;
 Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan, riaracht' cho trà dheth,—
 An ceann na bliadhna, O ! 's cianail a tha mi.

'S cianail, &c.

Mr. Patrick's own collection was published in 1784 not 1781 as is sometimes stated.

TO KENNETH SUTHERLAND,

Tacksman of Keoldale, in Durness, who was for some time land steward for Lord Reay for the Balnacille estate. Although a factor, Kenneth was popular, and his death was deplored by rich and poor alike. He was an accomplished musician and the warm friend of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald and his family, several of the latter having been taught by him to play the violin. Joseph, Mr Macdonald's second son, while in India in the service of the East India Company, had a set of bagpipes made, on which he taught the natives to play the airs current in Durness in his time. From their playing he wrote down the airs which were published by his brother Patrick in 1803. 

'S e do bhàs, Choinnich Sutharlain,

Dh' fhàg na h-àitean so dubhach gu leòr,

'S a chuir caoidh agus mulad

Air gach mnaoi agus duine d' am b' eòl;

Fhir gun mhearachd, gun fhoill-bheart—

Fhir nach dubhairt, 's nach d' rinn ach a'
chòir:

Bu shluagh borb sinn gun bhreitheanas,

'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu, mur sgathadh sin
oirnn.

Ged a chuir sin fo dhòn thu,

Ann an talla na di-chuimhn' le bròn;

Mar tha do bhodhaig a' crìonadh,

Tha nì 's modha do d' ghnìomhraibh tigh'nn
beò;

Fhir bha beartach gun àrdan,
 Fhir bha caithteach 's a thèaruinn gu leòr ;
 Fhir thug feart air a' chràbhadh,
 'S fhir bu bhlaiste na àireamh gu spòrs.

Bu chùis-fharmaid do bheusan,
 Oir a b' annas an leithid 's an fhonn ;
 Bhiodh do chùisean air thoiseach,
 Thaobh an t-saoghail a bhos agus thall ;
 Cha 'n fhacas 's cha chualas,
 Fear do dhreuchd air nach buannaicht' leat
 geall ;
 Rinn thu mòran a thional,
 'S do neach beò cha d' rinn sgillinn do chall.

Gu do bhàs o do thoiseach,
 Ann do ghnàths cha robh car far 'm bu léir ;
 'S tu bha tuigsinn nan uailsean,
 'S tu bha tèarnadh na tuath' anns gach feum :
 'N uair bhiodh *difir* 'n an cùisean,
 'S tus' a ghleidheadh gach taobh le do chéill ;
 Cha robh geilt gu bhì caillt' ort,
 'S cha robh airc ort gu *bribe* dhuit féin.

'M fear a dh' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S mòr a dh' fheumadh e ghéire 's a chainnt ;
 'S iomadh neach bhios 'g ad ionndrain,
 An àm togail is cunntaidh na *rainnt*:

Bhiodh do thìodhlacan dìomhair,
 'S tu nach séideadh do ghnìomh le do chainnt,
 'S tu nach maoidheadh air feumnach,
 'S tu nach iarradh dhuit féin bonn no taing.

'S iomadh neach a bheir tairgse
 Air do leantuinn an airgiod 's an spréidh,
 Ach an ceartas, 's an tròcair,
 Nach toir feart air do ròidean gu léir :
 'S mise féin a bha eòlach,
 Gu 'n robh annadsa còrr air cùig ceud,
 Ann am fialaidheachd mhòra,
 'S gun thu 'g iarruidh na glòire dhuit féin.

Fhir a theagaisgeadh ùmaidh,
 Gun a lag-bheart a rùsgadh le tannt ;
 Ach chuireadh beagan do thùir ann,
 Leis gach comhairl a chùinneadh do cheann ;
 Eadar dithis 's an t-saoghal,
 Ann am breith cha b' fhiù leat bhi meallt',
 Cò nach earbadh a chùis riut,
 Oir bu dearbhta gu 'n chùlaich thu sannt.

Mac an athair bha glic thu,
 'S bu tu athair a mhic a rinn cliù ;
 'S na 'm biodh roghainn o 'n bhàs dhuinn,
 Cha robh fhios co a dh' fhàg'maid do 'n
 triùir.
 'S e rinn iomlan ar bròn dhuinn,
 Mu 'n do thiormaich na deòir o ar sùil,
 Gun na lotan sin slàn,
 A' bhuille 's goirte bhi 'n trath-s' againn ùr.

Ged tha dàimh ann do thalla,

Tha e 'n a fhàsach do shealladh mo shùl,
Rinn thu bèarn dhomh 's gach comunn,

Ann an cràbhadh no 'm folluiseachd cùirt';
Ged tha cuimhneachain call' ann,

'N uair nach fhaidh mi ort comain ni 's mò;
Bidh mi feuchainn mo chomais,

Gu bhi 'g iomradh air d' alladh s' do chliù.

TO JOHN MACKAY, MACEachAN.

John Mackay of Musal, or of Strath, as he was frequently called, was wadsetter of part of Strathmore, and lived in Musal, near the birthplace of the poet. Mr Mackay was himself a poet, and early recognised the genius of the bard. For some time Rob Donn was employed by Mr Mackay, and regarded by him more as a companion than a menial. This elegy was accepted as being in every respect a genuine and correct estimate of Mr Mackay's worth and character. In 1729 he held a wadset tack of the lands in Clasneach. *d-459*

IAIN MhicEachainn, o 'n dh' eug thu,
 C' àit an téid sinn do dh' fhaotainn,
 Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
 An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
 'S nì tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
 Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
 'S ged a thogt' o 'n àl òg e,
 'S tearc tha beò dhinn chi e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
 'S do fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
 Thionail airgiod is fearann,
 Bhitheas buidheann eile 'g sgaoileadh.
 Bhitheas féin air an gearradh,
 Gun ghuth caraid 'g an caoineadh,
 Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
 Ach "Seall sibh fearann a shaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu lit'reil,
 'S tha iad 'n an deibhtearan geura,
 Is iad a' pàidheadh gu moltach,
 Na bhios ac' air a chéile ;

l.m.
2.3.97.

Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,
Ged 's cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,
Is tha an sporan 's an sùilean,
Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumnach.

Leis an leth-onoir rhiataich-s',
Tha na ceudan dhiubh faomadh, —
Leis an fheàrr bhi am fiachaibh,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoineibh ;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìtidh,
“C' uim nach d' thug sibh do 'n bochdaibh,
Biadh, deoch, agus aodach ?”

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùrachdinn
Do chliu-s' chur an òrdugh,
Ann an litrichibh soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm faic na daoine 'òg' iad.
Oir tha t' iomradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a théid ann ad ròidibh,
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainne 'n a stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's àill leat alladh tha fiùghail,
So an tiom mu do chionneamh,
An còir dhuit greimeachadh dlùth ris ;—
Tha thu 'm baiteal a' bhàis,
A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich e cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachoid,
 Air an neach a tha fialuidh,
 'S i mo bharail s' gu h-achdaidh
 Bu chòir an athchuing so iarruidh ;—
 Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
 Ni chuid a 's sine dhinn ciallach,
 Nach dean sinn ìobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
 Air son trì fichead do bhlaidnach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
 A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
 Agus bàth-ghiollan gòrach,
 Thionail eòlas le d' éisdeachd ;
 Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
 Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
 Nach 'eil an inntinn fo cudthrom,
 Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,
 Na 'm b' eòl duit ocrach 's an t-saoghal,
 Fhir a chitheadh am feumnach,
 Gun an éigh' aig' a chluinntinn ;
 B' fheàrr leat punnd de do chuid uait,
 Na unnsa cudthroim air d' inntinn ;
 Thilg thu t' aran air uisgeach',
 'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
 'S e làn gruamain 's fo airtneil,
 'S e gun airgiod 'n a phòcaid,
 Air an tigh-òsda dol seachad ;

Chi mi bhantrach bho chd, dheurach,
 Chi mi 'n déirceach làn acrais,
 Chi mi 'n dilleachdan dearg-ruisgt'
 Is e falbh anns na racaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,
 Call a ghibht' do chion cleachdaimh,
 Chi mi feumnach na comhairl',
 A' call a ghnothuich 's a thapadh.
 Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhiarachd,
 Ciod e 's ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',
 'S e their iad uile gu léir rium,
 "Och ! nach d' eug Iain MacEachainn !"

Chi mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
 'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu,
 'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
 Chi mi buannachd nan òlach ;—
 O 'n a thaisbein dhomh 'm bliadhna,
 Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,
 Mar na reannagan reulta,
 An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fò.

'S tric le marbhrannaibh moltach,
 A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
 Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
 Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a dhrùchdaibh ;
 Ach ged bhith'nns air mo mhionnan,
 Do, Ti tha cumail nan dùl rium,
 Cha do luaidh mi mu 'n duine-s',
 Ach buaidh a chunnaic mo shùil air.

10

TO THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

William, the third of that name, eighteenth Earl of Sutherland, and his spouse Mary Maxwell died within a short time of each other in Bath in 1766, and were buried in the Abbey of Holyrood, Edinburgh. They left an only child, Elizabeth, one year old. She married in 1785 the eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, and died 29th January 1839. The poet had retired to Saingo shortly before he composed the song in 1766.

RUGADH mis' anns a' gheamhradh,
 Measg nam beanntaichean gruamach;
 'S mo cheud sealladh do 'n t-saoghal,
 Sneachd is gaoth mu mo chluasaibh;
 O 'n chaidh m' àrach ri aghaidh
 Tìr na deighe, gu tuathail,
 Rinn mi luathaireach tuiteam,
 'S rinn mo chuislidhean fuaradh'.

Chrìoch mi sgur do na dàintibh,
 Chionn mo thàlann bhi géilleadh;
 Ach cha 'n fhuil'ngedh mo nàdur
 Dhomh, bhi 'n am thàmh air an aobhar-s',—
 Ceannard Teaghlaich *Dhun-Robain*,
 'N a luidhe 'n Abaid *Dhun-éidin*,
 Gun aon fhocal aig filidh
 Dèant' 'n a shiorrum achd féin da.

Anns a' chaisteal so chianamh,
 'S an rùm dìota na teaghlaich,
 Chunnacas iomhaigh nan cùigear,
 'S iad 'n am mòr-dhaoine treubhach;—

Am fear mu dheireadh bha beò dhiubh,
 'S bu mhaith a b' eòl dhomh mu 'n d' eug e,
 Fhuair mi 'dhealbh air mo leth-taobh,
 'N a sheasamh 'm breacan an fhéilidh.

2 { Ged bu bhòidheach r' am faicinn
 Dealbh nam pearsa 's an rùm ud,
 Dhearcadh inntinnean gnìomhach
 Air dealbh bu sgiamhaich' r' a chunntadh ;
 Sgiath nan ainglean a' clapadh,
 'S iad 'g an glacadh d' an ionnsuidh,—
 Sìil gach anaim gu deurach,
 Ris na speuraibh 'g an ionndrain.

W Bha dealbh eile gu h-usal
 Air chur suas aig mo dheas-laimh ;
 Is ann leamsa nach neònach,
 An sluagh bhi brònach an *Cataobh* ;
 O na chaill iad an lànán,
 Bha mìn, mòrdhalach, maiseach,
 Iarla Uilleam an Còirneal,
 'S a chéil' òg, Màiri Macsual.

'N uair chaidh a' chàraid so cheangal,
 Bu tearc an samhail an Alba ;
 'S fhad 's a dh' fhan iad 's an fhearann-s',
 Cha b' fhèarr dhiubh barail na dhearbhadh iad ;
 'S dlùth a ghléidh iad am bòidean,
 Fhad bu bheò, gus 'm bu mharbh iad,
 Le gaol seasmhach a' phòsaidh
 'S ann ro luath bhuainn a dh' fhalbh iad.

Ged thà 'n naidheachd ud brònach,
 Cha 'n 'eil e neònach mar dh' éirich,
 Oir 's e 'm Breitheamh a chruthaich iad,
 Thug gu cumhachdach éigh' orra.
 Ged a ghealladh dhoibh saoghal,
 'S gach staid aoibhneach fo 'n ghréin so,
 Aon uair cha b' urr' iad an gleidheil,
 O 'n dh' éigh na Flaitheas dhoibh féin orr'. *ead*

Gu 'n robh 'n ceud Mhorair Uilleam
 'N a dhuine cionalta meaghrach,
 Morair Uilleam a dhà dhiubh,
 Ghleidh e 'chàirdean is 'oighreachd ;
 Ach 's e Uilleam an tritheamh,
 A dhol á tìom a dh' aon bhoillsgeadh,
 Rinn gach briseadh nis ùrachadh
 Do na dùthchaibh a chaill e.

Sud an teaghlach bha òrdail,
 Gheibhteadh mor gun bhi uaibhreach ;
 Sud an teaghlach bha ceòlmhor,
 Gheibht' ag òl gun bhi buaireant' ;
 Sud an teaghlach d' am b' àbhaist
 A bhi 'n a thàbhairnn aig uaislibh ;
 A' sìor leasach' an fhearainn,
 Gun bhonn gearain aig tuath orr'.

Sud an teaghlach d' am buineadh
 Cliù a' b' ainneamh r' a innseadh,
 Chumadh n' uailse gu stàtail,
 'S a bhiodh blàith ris na h-ìslibh ;

'S nach do thog leis an eucoir,
 Bonn le h-éigin air aon diubh,—
 Bha gach còir aca cinneachadh,
 Mach o dhiombuanachd dhaoine.

Bha mi coimeas nan àrmunn,
 Ri deadh àmhainn bha feuma'l,
 An déigh a teine a bhàthadh,
 'S gun bhi làthair ach eibhleag ;
 Ach tha mi fathast an earbsadh,
 Am beagan aimsir an déigh so,
 Gu 'm bi an t-sradag ud, Beataidh,
 'N a teine lasarach aoibhinn.

'N uair a bha thu 'n ad leanabh,
 'S tu a dh' uireasbhuidh aimsir,
 Thòisich fàbhor is fortan
 Ri cur casg air luchd d' ainmeinn';
 Bha do thaoitearan tapaidh,
 'S cobhair Freasdail 'g an leanmhuinn ;
 Chaill do naimhdean am barail,—
 Ghleidh thu t' fhearann is t' ainmean.

Bidh mi dùnadh an dàin so,
 Oir tha e àrd air son m' inntinn ;
 Le aon athchuing do 'n òigh so,
 Dh' fhuireach beò mar aon chuimhne :
 Tha mi 'g earbsadh ri Freasdail,
 'S a rìgh gu 'm faic, 's gu 'n cluinn mi,
 Thu bhi pòsda ri gaisgeach,
 A leanas cleachd'an do shinnsear.

TO HUGH MACKAY,

Younger of Bighouse, who died young. He was the eldest son of the Honourable Hugh Mackay, second son of George, Lord Reay, and Elizabeth, who succeeded her father, George Mackay, in the Bighouse estates.

NACH truagh an sgeul a fhuair mi féin,
 Mu 'n àm so 'n dé, o 'n dh' fhalbh mi uaibh,
 Gu 'n bhuail an t-eug an t-uasal treun,
 Le cuartach gheur, 's gu 'n mharbh sud e;
 B' ann do MhacAoidh, thaobh duine 's mnaoi,
 An gasan aoidheil, dealbhach ud,
 Mo chreach! 'g a inns', gun deach do 'n aoig,
 Mac-oighre tìr *Strath-Haladail*.

Nach cruaidh an guth so th' aig an t-sluagh,
 O 'n deach' thu luath's a dh' earb iad riut;
 Tha ghaoir cho cumant aig daoine uails',
 Aig mna'ibh, aig tuath, 's aig searbhantaibh;
 Cha 'n 'eil o 'n *Tòrr*, gu ruig an *Stòir*,
 Aon duine beò o 'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
 A 's urra còmhradh mu na bhòrd,
 Ach tuirseach, brònach, marbhrannach.

Cha 'n ann mu chall an codach féin,
 Tha 'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,
 Ach aon thoirt uath', gun aon fhear-fuath,
 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàsmhorach:

A phears' gu léir, a dhreach, 's a chéill,
 Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fàilleagadh;
 Mach o 'n eug bhi cur an céill,
 Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

Tha do chàirdean fola 's feòla,
 'S do luchd-eòlais cianalach,
 Air son do ghearradh as an t-saoghal,
 Mu 'n robh aon diubh riaraidh' dhiot;
 'S e cùis am bròin, nach d' fhàg thu beò ~~dhuinn~~ 9?
 Fear cho òg, 's cho ciallach riut;
 Ma sgrìobhar cliù do bheath' air t' uaigh,
 Gur lìonmhoir' buaidh na bliadhnachan.

Ged bhiodh do ghnùis air duine bàth,
 Cha bhiodh a bhàs neo-thùirseach dhuinn;
 'S dheanadh do thoimhsean is do chàil, _____ ?
 Am fear bu ghràist' cho ciùrrtach dhuinn;
 An tuigse gheur, a thogail sgéil,
 'S a' ghibht' a b' fhearr g' an cuimseachadh,
 'S tu 'n seud bu làin', tigh'nn thuig gach la,
 'S an t-slige b' àillte cumaidhtidheachd.

'S lìomhor cridhe thuit a mhàn
 Mu 'n cuairt, air là do thìodhlacaidh,¹
 Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn,
 Bhi suidhicht' an inntinn shìor-bheartaich;
 Bha iomadh ceud do t' fhine féin,
 A' deanamh feum mar ìomhaigh dhiot;
 Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
 Nach 'eil fo 'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.

¹ Funeral day.

Còe an duine thug orts a bàrr,
 Am breith, am pàirt, ~~an~~ ionnsuchadh?
 No cò an t-aon a sheasas t' àit,
 Dhe 'n th' air an cràdh 'g ad ionndradhainn :
 Gach beag is mòr, gach sean is òg,
 Le gul is deòir 'g an ceannsachadh,
 Ged 's tric le bròn bhi tuisleach oirrn,
 Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

space - two words
no 'n/

Tha sinn uile an iomadh truas,
 Na bha mu 'n cuairt do theaghlach-sa,
 Bhi gun aon a measg an t-sluaigh,
 A dheanadh suas do chall-sa dhuinn :
 Do thomult mòr, do chomunn còir,
 Do chomas deònach, gealltanach,
 Chuir buille bhròin 's na h-uile pòit,
 'S a chuir gach ceòl mu Bhealltuinn uainn.

12

better known as "Iain Mac Eachann"



TO DONALD MACKAY,

Tacksman of Clasneach. The lands of Clasneach were held in wadset in 1729 by John Mackay, son of Hector Mackay of Skerry, and father of "Isabal Nie Aoidh."

'S ann o bhliadhna na tiom-sa,
Luidh a' ghrian air an sgìr' so,
An déigh dhuinn triùir a bhi dhith oirnn,
'S bu chùis iargainn a h-aon diubh,
Chuir sinn iosal 's an dile,
'M fear bu chiallaich', bu mhaoineich', 's bu
chliùiteich'.

'S ann, &c.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach dhomhsa,
Bhi sìor acain an còmhnuidh,
Bàs nan *topachan* lòmhair',
Bha 'n am propachan còmhdhail,
Chuir sin toimhsean gach còrach,
Mar ri corp Dhomh'll 'ic Dhomhnuill do 'n ùir oirnn.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach, &c.

An t-uasal, iriosal, rianail,
Faoilteach, furanach, fialuidh,
An ceannard sonnasach, cliarach,
Ris nach dealaich ~~eadh~~ ^{sinn} miannach,
Thaobh 's gu 'n d' fhan thu cho ciallach,
Ged a mhaireadh do bhliadhnan gu mìle

An t-uasal, &c.

dy s/

Bha cùrsa fiosrach do thìom-sa
 Fo chliù measail gun aomadh ;
 Do rùn iochdmhor do dhaoineibh,
 'S do dhlùth ghibhteachan mìne,
 Do thaobh tuigse na firinn,
~~Bidh~~ do shliochd feadh na tìre le cnuasachd.
 Bha cùrsa, &c.

Bitheadh

Chuid bu tarsuinn 'n am beusaibh,
 Na 'm biodh moltachd fo 'n ghréin annt',
 Chuireadh t' fhocal an céill ~~¶~~,
 Ni 's lugh' na dh' fhàgadh ~~¶~~ reuson,
 Cha bu tlachd leat bhi 'g éisdeachd,
 Fear da olcas a bheusan, le cuilbheart.

*iad/
iad/ ;/*

Chuid bu tarsuinn, &c.

Cha robh t' eachdraidh ri fhoighneachd,
 Bheannaich Freasdal gu saobhir
 An cuid, am pearsa, 's an cloinn thu,
 'S ann 's a phòsadh a rinn thu,
 'S thug e mach dhuit mac oighre,
 Tha 'n a mhaise, 's 'n a shoillse d' a dhùthaich.
 Cha robh, &c.

'S dùbhlán focail fir-dàna.

A thàrruingeas iomhaigh do nàduir, _____ ?
 Gach cùis shocrach a' fàs dhuit,
 Do mhùirn fhosgailte, phàirteil,
 Aois is toimhsean nach d' fhàilnig, ?
 Gun aon *spot* chun do bhàis ann do ghiùlan.
 'S dùbhlán, &c.

Bha buaidh thaitneach no dhà ort,
 Tha ro thearc anns na h-àitibh-s',
 Bha thu blasd' an cùis ghàire,
 Gun phuinc dleasdanas àicheadh ;
 An gnìomh, 's am focal, 's an àbhaist,
 Bha do chleachdamh cho cràbhach ri t' ùrnuigh.
 Bha buaidh, &c.

Mu do choinneamh gu cinnteach,
 Lìon thu teaghlach do mhuinntir',
 Gu cainnt fhallain a chluinntin,
 O mhòr chomasaibh t' inntinn,
 Bhiodh an comain do chuimhne,
 Air son foillseachadh rìoghachd is dhùthchan.
 Mu do choinneamh, &c.

Ann an sealladh beag tloma,
 'N uidhe a 's giorra na mìle,
 Chaill sinn ceathrar a dhaoine,
 Ach so an starradh do rìreadh,
 Chuir am folach ar faoilt oirnn,
 Mar a' ghealach, is dìle do bhùirn¹ oirr'.
 Ann an sealladh, &c.

Ged a lìontadh na beàrnan-s',
 Cha bhi ni oirnn ach càradh,
~~Bidh~~ e dìomhain dha 'n àireamh,
 Nach leig air di-chuimhn na dh' fhàg iad ;
 Ged robh an gnìomh'ra ni 's tàire,
 'S ann bhios miagh air an àlach a 's ùire.
 Ged a lìontadh, &c.

Biththeadh/

¹ Water.

TO EWEN.

Ewen was a poor old man, sorely distressed with asthma, and dwelling all alone in one of the most secluded, cold, and uninviting spots in that part of the country—Polla—at the head of Loch Eribol. Rob Donn, as was not unfrequently his custom, was shooting in the neighbourhood all day, and ~~at~~ ^{at} night came to Ewen's humble abode to pass the night, that he might not be far from the hill for next day's sport. Ewen was lying on an uncomfortable bed in a corner of the bothy, and to all appearance fast approaching his end. Immediately before leaving Balnacille the bard had heard of the death of Mr Pelham. This was intimated by Mr Macdonald, the minister, as he himself tells us, "in the fellowship meeting on the Monday three weeks after the event." The bard not unnaturally pondered over the position, rank, and influence of Pelham and Ewen, and this masterpiece of song was the result. Having composed it, the poet, to wile away the time, repeated the song aloud to himself several times. Ewen, ill as he was, could not restrain himself, and rising from his bed, grasped his staff and endeavoured to chastise Rob for the slighting references to his condition in life.

'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an céill dhuinn,

Bhi sìor éigheachd ar cobhrach;

'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,

Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag is am mòr leat;

'S ann o mheadhon an ~~fhoghair~~,

earraich'

Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh' fhòghnadh,

Le do leum as na Cùirtibh,

Do na chùileig 'm bheil Eòghann.

'S cian fada, gur fada,

'S cian fada gu leòir,

1 Pelham's death took place on 3^d Mar 1754.

O 'n la bha thu fo sheac-theinn,
 Gun aon ag acain do bhròin ;
 Ma tha 'n tìom air dol seachad ;
 'S nach d' rinn thu chleachdamh air chòir :
 Ged nach dàil dhuit ach seachduin,
 Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
 Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
 'S nach 'eil h-aon do shliochd Adhaimh,
 Air an tàmailt leat cromadh ;
 'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
 Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh ;
 Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,—
 'S fhuair thu Eòghann 's a' Pholla.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
 Mu 'm bheil bròn dhaoine mòra,
 'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
 Mu nach chlunntear bhi caoineadh ;
 Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
 Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,
 Do nach buin a bhi caithriseach,
 Eadar Pelham is Eòghann.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
 Mar gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,
 Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
 Ann ar cluasaibh mar fharum ;

Fhir a 's lugha measg mhòrain,
 An cual thu Eòghann fo ghalar?
 Fhir a 's mò anns na h-àiteach'-s',
 An cual thu bàs Mhr. Pelham?
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ach a chuideachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oir an sgathadh!
 Sinn mar choinneal an lantarn,
 'S an dà cheann a' sìor chaitheamh;
 C' àit an robh anns an t-saoghal,
 Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar s'?
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
 Ach an Rìgh bh' air a chaithir.
 'S cian fada, &c.

TO THE RESPOND MISERS.

These were two old bachelors who had lived together all their life, with an old maid for housekeeper. They were reputed to be rich, but very miserly. Their father was the tacksman of Rispond, a holding on the west of Loch Eribh. The two were born within a twelvemonth of each other. Their death and that of their housekeeper took place within a week of each other. Only a few nights previous to the death of the oldest (who died first) a poor creature asking alms was turned from their door without receiving anything.?

'N an luidhe so gu h-ìosal.

Far na thìodlaic sinn an triùir,

Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,

'N uair dh' intrig a' bhliadhn' ùr ;

Cha deachaidh seachad fathast,

Ach deich latha dhith o thùs ;—

Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,

Ni 's braise na ar dùil ?

th'air/

Am bliadhna thiom' bha dithis diubh,

Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,

Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,

O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn ;

Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,

Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,

Ach gheàrr e snàth'nn na beath-s' ac',

Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

O aon duine 's bean a thàinig iad,
 Na bràithrean so a chuaidh,
 Bha an aon bheatha thiomail ac',
 'S bha 'n aodach d' an aon chloimh;
 Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
 'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh;
 Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
 'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon uaigh.

Daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
 Is e fiosrach^a do chàch; *al/*
 'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
 Ris an can an saoghal gràs;
 Ach ghineadh iad, is rugadh iad,
 Is thogadh iad, is dh' fhàs—
 Chaidh stràchd d' an t-saoghal thairis orr',
 'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
 Ris gach aon neach tha beò?
 Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoimibh,
 Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd';
 Nach gabh na tha 'n a dhleasdanas,
 A dheasachadh ~~no 'làn~~ *? an lòn*
 Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhoibh,
 'S a' folach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
 Agus oighreachan cha dèan,
 Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
 Bhios a' biadhadh chon is eun;



Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
 Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,
 Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
 Na 'n uair bha e anns' a mhèinn.

Freasdail glic an Ard Rìgh—
 Dh' fhàg e pàirt do bhuidhinn gann,
 Gu feuchainn iochd is oileanachd
 D' an dream d' an d' thug e meall ;
 C' air son nach d' thugtadh pòrsan,
 Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach àm,
 Do bhochdannaibh a dheònaicheadh,
 An còrr a chur 'n a cheann?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,
 Tha dùil agam gun lochd,
 'S a liuthad focal firinneach
 A dhìrich mi 'n ur n-uchd,
 Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
 Gu bhi feumail do na bochd ;
 Ni 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
 A sheachduin gus a nochd.

TO JOHN MACKAY

of Oldney, Assynt, son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Fann, whose two brothers, Hugh and Alexander, had predeceased him.

SGEULA bàis tighinn ^{na} a chaoir oirn,
 O gach ceàrn' an séid gaoth oirn,
 Fhuair mi naidheachd, 's bu daor lean i, 'n dè.
 Fhuair mi naidheachd, &c.

Nios o *Alldanaidh 'n Asainnt*,
 'N robh mo thriall o cheann seachduin,
 'S e mo chràdh o nach deachaidh, 's nach d' téid.

~~Nios o *Alldanaidh 'n Asainnt*, &c.~~

'S e mo chràdh &c.

Iain òig, mhic an Taoiteir,
 C' àit' an cualas, no 'n cluinntear,
 Sgeul a 's cruaidh' air do mhuinntir, na t' eug.
 Sgeul a 's cruaidh, &c.

'S ann an cuideachdaibh dìomhair,
 Gheibhteadh dealbh an fhìor Chrìosdaidh
 Ort, an smuaintibh, an gnìomhraibh, 's am beus
 Ort, an smuaintibh, &c.

Fear flathail, 's fear faoilidh,
 Fear-tionail, 's fear-sgaoilidh,
 Tha 'n a luidhe 's an *Fhaoilinn*, 's bu bheud.
 Tha 'n a luidhe, &c.

Ged nach tàir mi do bhuadhan,
 Réir 's mar b' àill leam a luaidh riut,
 Gur tu neach do nach cualas riamh beud.
 Gur tu neach, &c.

C' àit an cualas riamh aon neach
 Dh' earb riut, 's a dh' fhalbh diombach,
 Bha do chomhairl' is t' impidh gu feum.
 Bha do chomhairl, &c.

Bu mhòr do dhàimh ris na daoineibh,
 'S tearc do nàmhaid 's an t-saoghal,
 'Soilleir beàrn Chloinn Mhic-Aoidh as do dhéigh.
~~'S mòr do dhàimh, &c.~~

'Soilleir beàrn ruc.

Gasan gealltanach faidhreil,
 Gnìomh gaisgich, 's gnùis maighdinn,
 'S maig a phlanndaich 's a choill thu, 's thu d
 ghéig.
 'S maig a phlanndaich, &c.

Clann t' athar bha buadhach,
 Mheud 's a thàmh, 's a chaidh uainn diubh,
 So an treas tarruing chruaidh orr' le eug.
 So an treas tarruing, &c.

Bàs Iain 's an àm so,
 Buille' ùr 's an dà sheann lot,
 Dh' fhalbh Hùistean,¹ 's dh' fhalbh Samndai. 's
 dh' fhalbh éis.
 Dh' fhalbh Hùistean, &c.

'S e do chomunn bhi aoibhneach,
 Dh' fhàg do dhealachadh neimhneach,
 Dha do mhnaoi, 's dha do chloinn, 's dhuinn féin.
 Dha do mhnaoi, &c.

Na 'm biodh comas aig daoineibh,
 Neach a chumail ba chaomh leo,
 'S tusa 'm fear a b' fhaid' aois an cuig ceud.
 'S tusa 'm fear, &c.

Ciod an stà dhuinn bhi brònach,
 Ged nach tàir sinn bhi deònach,
 Gheibh sinn bàs, na tha beò dhinn, gu léir.
 Gheibh sinn bàs, &c.

Ach a Sheòrais² na h-*Airde*,
 O 'n tha òig' is gibht bàird agad,
 'S ann is còir dhomh chùis fhàgail duit féin.
 'S ann is còir dhomh, &c.

¹ See elegy to Hugh, who died in 1746, page 11.

² George Morrison of Ardbeg, whose elegy on Rob Donn is given in the biographical notice of the poet. George Morrison was a poet of considerable merit himself, and fully deserved Rob Donn's regard for his gifts in this respect. He was drowned while still young.

Mu 'n duine-s' fhuair bàs uainn,
 B' fhiach 'iomradh a chlàistinn,
 Uiread 's a dh' fhaod'maid a ràdh ris le chéil.
 Uiread 's a dh' fhaod'maid, &c.

Ann an dreach pearsa talmhaidh,
 Ann am beartas pàirt anama,
 An diugh cha 'n eòl domh fhior dhealbh fo na
 ghréin.
 An diugh cha 'n eòl domh, &c.

Tha do bhàs tighinn a' m' chluasan,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fàth faotainn buaidh air,
 Mo cho-ghràdh gu 'm bu chruaidh leam an sgeul
 Mo cho-ghràdh, &c.

TO ROBERT GRAY

of Rogart, who died in Perthshire on his way home from the South, where he had been attending the markets.

THA rògairean airnealach, trom,
 'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
 O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
 Gu 'n do dh' eug e an Siorraimachd Pheairt.
 Dh' aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a cheilg,
 Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
 Aon smid thàinig mach air a bheul,
 'S cha mhò chreid e féin Rìgh nam feart.

dydy

h/

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon nì cho làidir,
 'S an t-saoghal s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum;
 'N t-stràchd thug e an dràs' oirnn air aghairt,
 Gun do mharbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
 Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
 Ged fhaigheadh e 'm fear-so dha féin,
 Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
 Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'n a dhéigh.

'S fad o na chunnacas, 's a chualas,
 Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs;
 Gidheadh gu bheil cuid ann an daoibh ris,
 Thug rud-eigin goil da an ~~dràs~~.

trath-sa/

Tha dùil ac' an Cata' 's an Galladh,
 Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu bràth,
 Air son gur h-e féin thug a' cheud char
 s an fhear / ~~a' cheud~~ thug cùig ceud càr á càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
 Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,
 Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
 'N uair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg;
 Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhch',
 Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd;
 'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
 'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is triùcairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
 Co bu staraich', bu charaich', 's bu chliceich',
 'S a b' fheàrr chuireadh lùth air a' bhréig;
 B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
 Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin;
 'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaighteadh a leithid,
 Mur robh e 's na Grèadhaich iad féin.

Bu mhaith leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
 'S cha b' àill leam duin' uasal a shealg.
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaime air a' choireach,
 Cha ghabh an duin' onorach fearg.
 Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
 Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg;
 Rinn coimeasgadh Reothaich a chumadh,
 Gu uails' agus duinealas g~~h~~arg.

Tha breugan is cuir air am fàgail,
 Do 'n fhear a 's feàrr tàlann g' an inns';
 Cha cheadaich a' chùis iad do Bhàtair,
 Tha onoir is àrdan 'n a ghrlid;
 Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,
 Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràs' i chion aois;
 Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
 Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraoich.



17

TÒ DR GORDON,

Who died in the island of Jamaica, but who in his own country
had acquired much fame.

'S ann do Shiorraidheachd Chata,
Thàinig naidheachd á Sasunn tha cruaidh,
Gur e bàs Dhochtair Gordain,
'S fada deas a chaidh 'eòlas is tuath ;
Bha e 'n a annas ri innseadh,
Ged a ghearraich an t-aog e cho luath,
Fear am buanas a shaoghail,
'S nach cualas da aon neach thug fuath.

Fuath cha b' urradh dha fhaotainn,
O 'n a tharruing e 'n gaol thuige féin,
Bha le 'chuid, is le 'dhaoine,
'S le chomhairlean tiomail gu feum ;
Bha 'n a ghaisgeach 'n àm strì dhoibh,
Is 'n a shoisgeul 'n àm sìth dhoibh le chéil',
'S cha 'n 'eil creidimh aig daoine,
Gu ~~do~~ leithid-sa fhaotainn ~~a~~ dhéigh. *dh na/*

O 'n latha ghluais thu 'n ad dhuine,
Bha thu buadhach air muir is air tìr,
Rinn do ghliocas thu ainmeil,
Ann do gnothuchaibh garbh agus mìn :

Bu tu 'n cosannach tarbhach,
 Bu tu 'n léigh a bha sealbhach 's tu saor ;
 Bu tu fear-casgaidh na feirge,
 'S bu tu cuspair an fharmaid 's a' ghaoil.

Am measg sluaigh ann ar n-amharc,
 Bha e cruaidh gu 'n robh samhailt duit ann ;
 Ged rinn fortan duit fàbhar,
 'S ann bha 'm beartas a b' fheàrr ann do cheann ;
 Fear nach deanadh dha naimhdean,
 Is a bheireadh do chàirdean bhiodh gann ;
 Bha ~~na~~ chompanach dàimheil, *thu do/*
 'S cha robh athair thug bàrr air do chlann.

'N déigh na labhair mi bhuadhan,
 Tha rud fathast ri luaidh riut a 's mò ;
 'S tearc a mholar mar thoill thu,
 Nach bi cuid air an roinn as gach taobh ;
 Na 'm bu dàn' leam a chantuinn,
 Ma bha duine gun smal air, ~~bu tu~~, *bre thu*
 Thaobh na mèine bha d' chridhe,
 Bheireadh nàmhaid 'n a bhreitheamh dhuit cliù.

Ann an Sasunn 's an Alba,
 'S mòr tha facain¹ gu 'n d' fhalbh thu cho luath ;
 Ann an eilein Sh~~h~~imeuca, *a/*
 'S ann a 's mòr tha mu d' dhéighinn na tuath ;
 Ged robh buidheann gu deurach,
 'N uair a mheangas an t-eug iad le cruas,
 B' olc an airidh do sheirbhis
 Bhi cho fada o 'n fhoirfeachd tha shuas.

¹ Caoidh.

Bha do chomhairl' is t-eisimpleir,
 Fàgail ghnothuichean deiseil aig càch ;
 Bha do sporan an tarruing,
 Mus biodh feumach no caraid an sàs :

Dh' aindeoin féil' agus caithteachas,
 Bha thu féin ann do bheartas a' fàs ;

'S chaidh do 'n ùir ~~leis an duine,~~

Uiread bhuadhan 's a b' urrainn dhol bàs.

leat, / a / dhuine,

Ceartas thabhairt 's an t-slàn duit,
 Cha ghabhadh filidh no bàrd sin air féin ;
 Ach cha 'n fhaodar dhol mearachd,
 'N uair bhithear a moladh do bheus.

Gu do bhuadhan-sa àireamh,
 O do bhreith gus an d' ràinig thu 'n t-eug,
 B' fhusa fichead dhiu fhàgail,
 Na aon fhocal a ràdh bhiodh 'n a bhréig.

TO MAJOR MACLEAN,

Who in his twenty-eighth year was killed in Germany.

CìOD a dh'fhairich sibh bhàirde,
Anns na h-àitibh s', 's gur balbh sibh,
Gun bhi cleachdadh bhur tàlann
Mu na Ghàidheil a b' fhèarr dhiu.
Fhuair sinn naidheachd á Sasunn,
Gun chaill sinn fleasgach 's a' Ghearmailt,
Am Màidseair òg Mac Illean,
Bu tearc a leithid 's an armailt.

Ma ghabhas mis' orm a' dh' aodann
Dhol a shìneadh mar cheud fhear,
'S e aon aideachadh nì mi,
Gur beag a chi mi do 'n b' fhiach thu.
Fhir fhuair comasan inntinn,
Gu gnothuch cinnt o na cìochaibh,
Nach fhaic sibh 'leithid a rithis,
Air ochd thar fhichead do bhliadhnaibh.

Gur h-e 'n t-aobhar mu 'n d' shìn mi,
Ri bhi 'g innseadh do bheusan,
Do chur beagan 's a' Ghaidhlig,
De 'n chuir càch anns a' Bheurla,

Air chor 's gu 'n cluinneadh ar n-àlach,
 Am measg an àraichear treun fhir,
 An cliù acaineach àrd sin,
 Thug Prionns' *Ferdinand* fein ort.

Gum bheil t' athair 's do mhàthair
 Gu ro chràiteach 'g ad ionndrain,
 Tha do phiuthair 's do bhràthair,
 'S cha 'n e mhàin ach na prionnsa ;
 C' àit' an cuala sibh sgeòil
 Tha cho neònach r' an cluinntinn,
 Ri aobhar cumh' agus àrdain,
 Bhi aig càirdean mu 'n aon fhear.

Bha na h-uile ni moltach
 Dh'fheudtadh chantuinn mu d' dhéighinn ;
 Bha do mhàthair is t' athair,
 An àirde breith 's am foghlum.
 Bha thu bhrod Chlann Illeain,
 'S bu chinneadh leathan bha treun iad ;
 Ach thog do chleachdaidhean beatha,
 Os cionn an leithid gu léir thu.

'S iomadh neach do nach b' eòl thu,
 Tha ro bhrònach 's cha 'n iognadh,
 Mu aon gun samhuil an catha,
 Gu do thalcuis a dhìoladh.
 Mar chraoibh a dh'fhàs ann an starradh,
 'S a chaidh ghearradh gun chrìonadh ;
 Meanglan òg ann an laithibh,
 'S gaisgeach catha an gnìomh thu.

Gum bheil eachdraidh an àrmuinn,
 Dol ni 's airde na m' eòlas ;
 Bha e 'n a onoir do dh' Alba,
 Ged a dh' fhalbh e 'n a òige.
 'N uair a bhithear a leughadh
 Sgeul a bhàis is a bheò-sa,
 Ciod a 's faisge d' a chéile,
 Na aobhar gàire ~~is~~ bròine?

agus/

'S tus', a bhàis, nach eil dìomhain,
 A' deanamh dìobhail 'n ad bhoillsgibh,
 'S gann gur urrainn do naimhdeas
 Dol ni 's àirde na rinn e.
 Cuiridh bith-bhuantachd imrich
 An saoghal cuimrigeach caillte,
 Mu 'n tuit leat ach tearc leithid,
 Mhic Illeain do shaighdeir.

TO WILLIAM MILLER, THE TINKER.

O 'n uair a chaidh Uilleam do 'n ùr,
 Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,
 Do mhuilleir, a bhrach'dair, no 'chòcair,
 No 'mhnathan da 'm b' nòs bhi ri spréidh;
 Cha mhodha na clamhain is gaothair,
 Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dheigh,
 Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
 Gach ubh is gach eireag, dhoibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talalmh-s' 'n a fhàsach,
 O 'n uair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos;
 Ge maiseach na macain so dh' fhàg thu,
 Cha seas iad dhuinn t' àitse 'n an dithis;
 'S ann a tha acfuinn do cheàirde,
 Mar rud chaidh na chàraibh 's e 'n diosg;
 An t-òrd is am balg ris an teine,
 An rusp, is an t-innein, 's an t-iosp.

he/

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,
 Gu innseadh do chliù mar bu choir;
 'S minic a dhearc mi do chruinn-leum
 Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn;
 Sgiathan do chòta fo t-'achlais,
 Is neul an tombac' air do shròn;
 Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
 Agus mìr air dhroch bhruich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a théid cliù ort a leantuinn,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi chantuinn gu leòir ;
 'S tu dh' fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathradh,
 'S tu dh' itheadh, 's a dh' iarradh an còrr ;
 'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthaig do chlisgeadh,
 'N uair ghabhadh na h-uisgeach' gu lòn :
 Bu choltach ri rapas nan seilcheag,
 An easgann mu thimchioll do bheòil.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmhainn-s',
 A' choiteir, a shearbhant, no 'thuath,
 Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann,
 Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre re uair ;
 Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
 Tha rud-eigin smal air daoine' uails',
 Air son nach 'eil neach ac' 's a' ~~mh~~achair, *M/*
 A ghlanas tigh suidhe no poit fhuail.

1 The South east of Sutherland.

Dain agus Chrain (Poems and Songs) ~~RANNABH.~~

~~(POEMS.)~~

THE DREAM.

PART I.

CHUNNAIC mise bruadar,

Fhir nach cuala; thig is cluinn;

Ma 's breisleach e, 'cur casg air;

'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn.

Na 'm b' fhìor dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi,

Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn;

Gach nì is neach 'n a amharc,

Is e coimhead os an cinri.

Chunnaic mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,

A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn;

'S na 'm b' fhìor dhomh, gu robh mòran diubh,

A b' eòl domh ri mo linn;

Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh,

Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreang,—

'S a' cheud fhear riamh thuirt focal diubh,

Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris,

"'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,

'N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,

Nach obadh cnàmhan rium.

'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dhi,
 An uair is pailte rùm,
 Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
 "'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

"Their i rium, gu h-ain-meinneach,
 'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sron,
 Gu 'm b' olc mi ann an argumaid,
 'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,"—
 "Cha b' ionann duit 's do—c' ainm e sud,
 'S deadh sheanachaidh e 'n tigh-dòd',
 O! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaidh e,
 B' e féin am fleasgach còir."

"'N uair chlosas mis' ag smuaineachadh,
 Gach truaighe thug mo shàr;
 Their i, sgeigeil, beumnach, rium,
 Gur ro mhaith dh' éisdinn sgeul,
 Is their i ris na labhras mi,
 Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fheàrr:
 Aon ghnìomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
 Nach di-mol i le 'beul."

" ~~Thubhairt~~ i gu 'm b' eudach sud,

'S gu 'n robh ~~breugach~~, meallt'

Is ~~thug~~ i air mar b' àbhaist di,

Nach ~~abradh~~ bheul-sa drannd.

Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh;

Ach o 'n 's éigin di bhi ann,

O! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dhi

Bhi fàs, na air ~~cheann~~. "

*'S e / their 'eas
 re thu /
 bheir / ort
 can / do /*

do /

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud,
 Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
 "À Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor dhomh,
 Am pàirt 'n uair thug thu clann;
 Ge d' thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhoibh,
 Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm,
 Ach h-uile gnìomh a 's tarsuinn,
 Mar a thachaireas 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Freasdail reusonta,
 "'S e 's feumail dhuit bhi stuaime',
 'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
 Is tu 'n ad éigin chruaidh.
 Mu 'n d' chumadh còt, no léine dhuit,
 Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',
 Is ciod iad nis na fàthan,
 Air am b' àill leat a cur uat?"

ke ouz
 "Nach bochd dhomh, 'n uair thig *strainnsearan*,
 Bhios ceòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,
 'N uair 's maith leam a bhi fialaidh riuth',
 'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn?
 'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
 'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
 'S ~~bh~~ mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
 Ag ràdh gu 'm bheil i tinn."

bitheadh

23
 "Cha tàmh i 'm baile dithfeibh leam,
 Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,
 An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
 Am bheil an cràbhadh gann;

'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
 Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
 "An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,"
 Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann."

h-/

Ach sin a thubhairt Freasdal ris,
 "'S e thig do 'n neach ni chòir,
 A bhi ni 's dlùith' ri dhleasdanas,
 Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;
 Ged a shaoileadh tu gu 'm maithteadh dhuit,
 Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg ;
 Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchur thu,
 Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh'l s' beò."

"Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu,
 Aon cheum do m' obair-s' fiar,
 Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
 Do dhreachdan 's do chiall.
 Cia h-iomadh *trìc* gu beartas,
 Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
 Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhiot,
 A chum air ais sud riamh."

"Aidich féin an fhirinn,
 Agus chì thu 'n sin mar bha,
 A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
 Gus an caoch'leadh i ni b' fheàrr ;
 Dh' fheuch bochdas agus beartas dhi,
 Is euslaint agus slàint',
 Is thàinig mi cho fagus dhi,
 'S a bagairt leis a' bhàs."

“’N uair a dh’ fheuch mì bochdas dhi,
 ’S ann ortsa chuir i ’m *fàt* ;
 ’S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i
 Ni b’ fhosgailtich’ ri càch ;
 Le h-euslaint’, ’n uair a bhuin mi rith’,
 ’S ann frionasach a dh’ fhàs ;
 An t-slàinte uam cha ’n aidich i,
 ’S cha chreid i uam am bàs.”

Cò sin a chithinn tighinn,
 Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
 Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
 Air a’ mhnaoi bu ghasd’ a bh’ ann,
 ’S e ’g ràdh, “’N uair théid mi ’n taice rith’,
 ’S ann bhios oirr’ gart is greann,
 ’S ’n uair their mi chainnt a ’s deala rith’,
 Gu ’n cuir i car ’n a ceann.”

“Gur h-e trian mo dhàidh oirr’,
 Nach bi i faoilidh rium ;
 Ni i sgeig is fanaid orm,
 Gun ghàir’ a’ tigh’nn-á cuim.
 ’N uair bhitheas sinn ’n ar n-aonar,
 Bidh ’cainnt ’s a h-aogas trom,
 Ach ’n uair thig na fir—gu fuirmeil,
 Gheibh sinn òl, is cuirm, is fonn.”

“A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
 ’S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
 ’S gu ’m b’ eòl duit gu ’n robh m’ aimsir,
 Is mo mheanmnadh air an claidh ;

B' fhurasd' duit 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
 Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
 Bhiodh ùmhail, càirdeil, rianail dhomh,
 'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsailh
 Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
 Ach 's aona as a' cheud dhiubh.
 Bheireadh riarachadh dhuit ràidh ;
 An tè de 'n nàdur neònach ud,
 'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,
 Am biadh no 'n deoch cha 'n òlar leath',
 'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

Cha do ghabh am Freasdal
 Ris a chasaid ud ach màll,
 Air fios dha gur e lapachas
 Na dhleasdanas a bhann.
 Ars eise "Cha mho an t-alghios
 Do na mhnaoi tharlas air fear fann,
 Ged Gheibh i cead bhi garachdaich
 Ri cach gach dara h-àm." ¹

PART II.

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
 'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
 Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
 Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt,

¹ This stanza is here printed for the first time.

'S na h-uile bean bha posda sin,
 A' dol 'n an dùnaibh suas,
 Ach 's aonan as an fhichead dhiubh,
 Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bhean ionnsuicht' dhiubh,
 Bu mhòdha rùm na càch,
 "Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaicheadh,
 Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi ni 's sàthaicht':
 Ach gu m' fhàgail trom, neo-shunndach,
 Cha 'n eòl domh punc a 's dàch',
 Na gealltanais mo thoileachadh,
 Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth."

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
 Tha sìor ghearan air mo shunnd,
 Dhearbhaibh féin air 'fhiacaill,
 Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt.
 Bitheadh mòran diubh mi-reusonta,
 'N uair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
 Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
 An spiorad nach 'eil annt'."

'S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
 Sìor àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
 Their gu ladarn' dàna,
 Nach do thoirmisg àithne pòg.
 Cia mòr an diùbhras beusan
 Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,
 Cha 'n eòl domh àite-seasaimh,
 Air an aon chois no dhò.

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,

Ni àbhachdach gu leòir,

Is shaoil mi gu 'm bu reuson e,

O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr.

Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,

'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,

'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig cuid dheth,

'S a bhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',

A bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,

A' mheud 's a bh' ann do dh' argumaid,

'S do chomunn geàrrta greann'.

Bha na milltean pears' an sud,

'N an seasamh ann an *ranc*,

'S bha casaidean aig ceudan diubh,

Ma 'n aon bha tabhairt taing.

21

TO THE PRESBYTERY.

FHUAIR sinn fir mar luchd *préisgidh*,
 Tha oil-bheumach 'n an cleachdadh,
 'S nach 'eil crìoch ac' ni 's àirde,
 Na uiread chràbhaidh 's a *phasas* ;
 O 'n tha 'n teagasg neo-spéiseil,
 D'fhas luchd-éisdeachd mi-fheartal,
 'S e meas Ministear sgireachd,
 A bhi 'n a Chriosdaidh mar fhasan.

Ach ma ghabhas sinn beachd orr'
 Do réir an cleachdaidhean sanntach,
 'S ann tha tomult luchd-teagaisg,
 A thachair againn 's an àm so,
 Mur tha sligean na caislinn,
 Bhith'r a' cosnadh 's an t-samhradh,
 Gheibh thu fichead dhiu falamh,
 Mu 'n aon anns am bi neamhnuid.

Falbh 'n an cuideachd 's 'n an còmhradh,
 Is gheibh thu mòran do 'n *phac* ud,
 Dheanadh ceannaich no seòl'dair,
 Dheanadh dròbhair no *factoir*,

Dheanadh tuathanach crionnda,
 Dheanadh stiùbhard neo-chaithteach,
 'S mach o 'n cheàrd air 'n do mhionnaich iad,
 Tha na h-uile ni gasd' ac'.

Cha 'n ann leamsa is ioghnadh,
 Ged robh lìonmhoireachd neonach,
 Gu'm bheil an cuideachd na bhacadh,
 Gu bhi 'g aidmheil na còrach.
 Ged nach 'eil e mar leithsgeul
 Droch eisimpleir nan òlaich,
 Co a dh' itheadh gu sunndach
 Am biadh a dhiùltadh an còcair?

Ach mar 'eil eisimpleir agaibh,
 Cha 'n 'eil bhur teagasg r' a chunntadh,
 Ach mar neach a' toirt comhairl',
 Is coma gabhail na diùltadh.
 'N uair a theagasg ar Slànuighear,
 Gaol bràthaireil bhi aon-fhillt',
 Gu 'dhilseachd féin dhuinn a dhearbhadh,
 Rinn e 'shearbhantan ionnlad.

Tha fear teagaisg a' sìneadh
 Air son *gliob* agus *stipein*,
 Mar leisg leanabh gu cràbhadh
 A bhios a phàrant a' grìosadh;
 Ach mu 'n cailleadh e '*bhraiceas*,
 Gu cur casg air a chìocras,
 Their e 'n t-àltachadh aithghearr¹
 An lag fhocalaibh ìosal.

¹ Grace before meat was called the 'short grace.'

Gheibhear fear dhiu, là sàbaid,
 Their gur Slànuighear Criosd dhuinn,
 'S their e seachduin o 'n là sin,
 Nach 'eil stà a'ch an gnìomhraibh.
 Bheir e iteagan àrda,
 'S ni e màgaran ìosal :
 'S o nach eun e 's nach luchag,
 Ni e trusdair do dh' ialtag.

'S ann tha 'n tomult nan còmhraibh
 A' cur an clòdh do na daoineibh,
 Gur fear-millidh tha fialaidh,
 Is gur diadhàir a chaomhnas.
 Tha iad uile ro dheònach
 Maighstir Seòras¹ a dhìteadh ;
 Tha e ciontach an sgapadh,
 Sin am peacadh nach caomh leo.

Ma bheir thu aire do 'n eunlaith
 Dol 'n am paidhrichibh cuideachd,
 Ni iad nid anns an fhàsach,
 'S leughar gràdh ann an oibribh.
 'N uair tha duine gun reuson,
 A' cur a chéile gu h-udal,
 Nach labhrach eunlaith an adhair,
 A' cur na h-aithis air Fudaidh.

Ach c' uime 'm bithinnse dh'easbhuidh
 Aon ni 'm feasd a bhiodh dh'fheum orm ;

¹ The Rev. George Munro, Farr 1754-1779. His tombstone bears that he was distinguished for benevolence and hospitality.

Gheibh mi 'n *Ruibigill* smearalachd
 Is gheibh 'm *Meilinnis* reuson ;
 Air son sùgraidh is cobhair,
 Gheibh mi 'n *Sgobhairidh* féin iad,
 'S mur 'eil uam ach an gionach,
 Gheibh mi 'm mjonach na Cléir' e.

22

TO PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

This poem is remarkable coming from the bard of the Reay Country, as it is well known that both the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay were Hanoverians. The Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, the minister of the parish, denounced the Prince in no measured terms. The poem shows that a deep under current of feeling in favour of the Stuarts pervaded the people generally.

AN diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn éirigh ann an sanntachas,
 An tritheamh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 Do dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;¹
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le dannsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 Ris an là thug d'n t-saoghail thu;
 Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis
 An t-Seumais òig o 'n d' inntrig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair lìobhraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàidheil,
 Mar bha Dàibhidh do chloinn Israèil.

¹ 3rd Dec. 1745.

Tha cupall mhios ¹ a's ràidhe,
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so,
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth sin,
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frìdh' is fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air pung nach còir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' Phrionnsa riòghail so,
 Dhe 'n teagblaich dhirich Albannaich ;
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhlùth gun chealgaireachd,
 Ar làmhan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm is meanmnadh ris,
 Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,
 As leth a' Phrionnsa Stiùbhartaich.
 Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carráig threun gu stiùradh air ;
 Thug bàrr air cheud am buadhannaibh,
 'S tha cridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlúthadh ris.

Cha 'n ioghniadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n d' thàinig e ;

¹ In former editions this was "bhliadhu" which of course was incorrect.

'N doimhne bh' ann air foghlum,
 Gun bhonn do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,
 Mur Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mur Shamson, treun an làmhan e,
 Mur Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon do chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhi 'g ùmhladh dha ;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an *line* an robhtadh stiùradh leis.
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,—
 Roimh' Theàrlach thigh'nn do 'n dùthaich—
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlaich Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh 'n crùn a th' air Rìgh Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùirtearan,
 Bhiodh tionndadh ghùn is chleòcaichean.
 Tha m' athchuing ris an Tì sin,
 Aig a' bheil gach nì ri òrduchadh,
 Gu 'n tearn' e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

THE BLACK CASSOCKS.

The Reay Country in common with the rest of the Highlands was much moved when the Act of 1747 proscribing the Highland dress was passed, and this poem well reflects the common feeling of the time on the matter. This poem consisted originally of fourteen stanzas, and for composing them Rob Donn had to appear before the authorities charged with disseminating seditious opinions. He added the two concluding verses under circumstances referred to in the memoir prefixed to this volume.

LAMH' Dhé leinne, dhaoine,
C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
'S nach 'eil agaibh do shaorsa,
Fiùgh an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
'S i mo bharail mu 'n deigh,
Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh is osan,
Gu 'm bheil caraid aig Teàrlach,
Ann am *Parlamaind* Shasuinn.

Faire, faire ! Rìgh Deòrsa,
'N ann spòrs' air do dhlìsean,
Deanamh achdaichean ùra,
Gu bhi dùblachadh 'n daorsa,
Ach oir 's balaich gun uails' iad,
'S feàrr am bualadh no 'n caomhnadh,
'S bidh ni 's lugha 'g ad fheitheamh,
'N uair thig a leithid a rìs òirt.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid
An aon pheanas an Albainn,
'S iad a dh' éirich 'n ad aghaidh,
Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh.

Oir tha caraid maith cùil ac',
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhrainc leis,
 Fhuair iad *pension* 'n uair dh' fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàidhealach
 Eader *Sergean* is *Còirneil*,
 Nach do chaill a *chomission*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart.
 A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uraidh,
 Ged bu diombuan r' a òl e,
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan *leòsain*.¹

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
 Gun *chomission* Rìgh Bhreatainn,
 Gu bhi 'n a Chaiptein air onoir.
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiùrsaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chù a dh' easbhuidh a *choilear*.

Ach ma dh' aontaich sibh rìreadh,
 Rì bhur sìor dhol am mugha,
 Ged a bha sibh cho rìoghail,
 Chaidh bhur cìsean am modhad.
 'S maith an airidh gu 'm faicteadh
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumhadh,
 Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan,
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

¹ Referring to the tax on glazed windows.

Och, mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
 'S tur a dhearbh sibh bhur reuson,
 Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann ur n-inntinn,
 'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh.
 Leugh an *Gòbharmad* sannt
 Anns gach neach a thionndaidh riuth féin
 dhibh,
 'S thug iad baoide ¹ do bhur gionaich,
 Gu 'r cur ann an mionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh,
 Gus bhur fàgail ni 's laige,
 Chum 's nach bithteadh 'g ur cunntadh,
 'N ur luchd-comh-strì ni b' fhaide.
 Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh' easbhuidh
 Bhur lainn, 's bhur n-acfhuinn sraide,
 Gheibh sibh *sèarsaigeadh* mionaich,
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur truaighe,
 Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
 A' chuid a 's feàrr de bhur seabh'gan,
 Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan,
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòmhnan,
 Pillibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'n a teamhair,
 'S deanaibh ur deudach a thrusadh,
 Mu 'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
 Gus an àit anns do phill e,

¹ Bait.

'S ann bu mhaith leam, a chàirdean,
 Sibh bhi 'n àireamh na buidhne,
 D' am biodh spiorad cho Gàidhealach,
 'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's an amhainn,
 Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiubhaird,
 Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,
 Chaidh a chothachadh crùin dhuit,
 'S a leig an dùthaich 'n a teine,
 Tha iad mar naithrichean folaicht',
 A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
 Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
 Gu éiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidheadh
 Ri do thighinn, a Thèarlaich,
 Gus an éireadh na cuingean,
 Dhe na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin;
 A tha cantuinn 'n an cridhe,
 Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
 "Làn do bheatha gu t' fhaicinn,
 A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn is Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair,
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t' athar,
 'S a chrùn, 's a chaithir r' an tagradh,

'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,
Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean,
Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuibh.
Bitheadh bhur duais mar a' ghobhair
A théid a bhleodhain gu tarbhach,
'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghair,
Is ruaig nan gaothar r' a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a' 's modha
'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh,
Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh,
Dhearbhadh bhi seasmhach 'n a inntinn?
C' uim' an dìteadh sibh 'n onoir,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd?
'S gur h-e dhlùitheachd d' a chreidimh
A thug do choigrich an rìoghachd.

Fhuair sinn Rìgh á *Hanobhar*,
Sparradh oirnne le h-Achd e,
Tha againn Prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh.
O Bhith tha h-urad 'n ad bhreitheamh,
Gun chron 's an dìthis nach fac thu,—
Mur h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

BIGHOUSE'S FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

The laird of Bighouse referred to here was the Honourable Hugh, second son to George, Lord Reay. He succeeded to the Bighouse estates on his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of George Mackay of Bighouse.

BEIR mo shoraidh le dùrachd
 Gu ceann eile na dùthcha,
 Far an robh mi gu sunndach,
 Eadar *Tunga* 's am *Parbh* ;
 'N àm dìreadh na h-uchdaich,
 Ged a chanadh fear, "Ochain !"
 'S ann leam-sa bu shocrach
 Bhi an soc nam meall garbh ;
 Far am faicteadh 'm fear buidhe,
 'S e 'n a chaol ruith le bruthaich,
 Agus miol-choin 'n an siubhal,
 'S iad a' cluiche r' a chalg,
 Air faobhar a' chadha,
 'N déigh clàistinn an spreadhaidh,
 'S gu 'm bu phàirt sud dheth m' aighear,
 Mac na h-aighe bhí marbh.

Ach a Mhaighstir *Mhioghraidh*,
 Gum bheil aighear aig t' inntinn,
 Aig feabhas do mhuinntir,
 Is a' bheinn ann ad chòir,

O dhorus do rùma
 Fa chomhair do shùla,
 Na tha eadar an Dùnan
 Agus cnùicean *Meall-Horn*
 'S e mo smuaintean gach maduinn,
 An uair sin a bh' againn—
 Dhol uaibhse cho fada,
 A chuir fadalachd orm,
 B'e mo dhùrachd bhi faicinn
 An ùdlaich a' feachdadh,
 Agus fùdar a' lasadh
 Eadar clach agus òrd.

Beir mo shoraidh gu càirdeach
 A dh'ionnsuidh mo bhràthar,
 'S gun luaidh air do chàirdeas
 Gu 'm bu nàbuidh dhuit mi;
 Ged a thearbadh air fuinn sinn,
 Bu tric anns a' bheinn sinn,
 'S gur h-ainmic le m' inntinn
 A bhi cùit' agus i.
 Tha t' àit-sa mar thachair,
 'N a bhràighe 's 'n a mhachair,
 'N a àite cho tlachdmhor
 'S a chuir tlachd air do thìr.
 'S na tha dh' anabarr air t' aitreabh,
 'S mòr m' fharmaid ri t' fhasan,
 Gur soirbh dhuit gach seachduin,
 'S tu bhi faicinn na frìdh'.

Beir mo shoraidh a rithis
 Gu paidhear na dìbhe,

'S làmh dheanamh na sithinn,
 'S gu cridhe gun fhiamh ;
 Far am bheil Ian mac Eachuinn,¹
 'S mi tamull gun 'fhaicinn,
 Mo dheadh chòmhlan deas, duineil,
 Bu tu eas-caraid fhiadh.
 'N àm nan cuilean a' chasgadh,
 Ga 'n cumail 's ga 'n glacadh,
 Ni b' fheàrr a thoirt focail
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh.
 Bu shealbhach ar taoghal,
 Air sealgach nan aighean,
 Bu tu a sgaoileadh an fhaoghaid,²
 'S a chuireadh gaothair an gnìomh.

Beir mo shoraidh-sa còmhluath
 Gu Dòmhnall Mac Dhòmhnuaill,
 Sàr chompanach còmhnhard
 O 'm faighteadh còmhbradh gun sgìos.
 'S gus na h-uaislean do 'm b' àbhaist
 Bhì aig Fuaran a' Bhàird leinn,
 Chumadh coinneamh ri 'n càirdean
 Aig do thàbhairn gach mìos.
 Bhiodh geanachas grathuinn
 Aig na fir fa do chomhair,
 'S 'n uair a b' àill leo, bu domhain
 Air thomhas nam pìos.
 'S tric m' inntinn fuidh luasgan,
 Mu gach pung bha 's an uair sin,

¹ Tacksman of Musal, Strathmore.

² The hunting party.

'S cha bu mhi-rùn do 'n t-shluagh sin,
A chuir air luathair mi sìos.

Beir an t-soraidh so suas uam,
Far bheil càch de na h-uaislean,
Agus h-aon diu gu luath,
Gu Naoghas ruagh mac Mhic Aoidh ;
Bha e 'n uraidh chaidh seachad,
'S e mar-rium am *Fais-bheinn*,
'S ged thréig mis' am fasan,
Tha 'n cleachdadh air m' ùigh.
Gu 'm bu chasg sud air m' airtneal,
Bhi 'm measg nam fear tapaidh,
Agus uisge mu m' chasan
Tighinn dachaidh á beinn.
Bu lughad mo mhulad,
Bhi treis am *Beinn-Spionnaidh*,
Agus tamull a' fuireach
Ann am bùn *Càrn-na-Fridhe*.

Gu 'm bu dòrn sud air mholadh
Do 'n òganach ealamh,
A dheònaicheadh fanadh
Ri talamh 's ri gaoith.
'S ged bu chinnteach á 'chuid e,
'N uair thigeadh e thugainn,
'S e nach milleadh an obair
Air cuideachd a chaoidh.
Bha a làmh is a fhradharc
Air an deanamh 'n aon adhairt,

'N uair a shiùbhladh na h-aighean
A stigh air a' bheinn.

Le cuilbhear na sraide,
'S làmh chuimseach na graide,
Nach iomrallaicheadh eadar
An claigionn 's an cuing.

B'e ar fasan car grathuinn,
Gu 'm bu phrosbaig¹ dhuinn t' amharc,
Mu 'n cuairt duinn is romhainn,
'S tu coimhead 's a' falbh.
'S ged bhiodh iad 'n an seasamh
Air luimead na creachainn,
'S nach b'urrainn duinn fhaicinn
Ach aiteal de 'n calg ;
Sann an sinn theireadh Aonghais,
"Ge deacair an ruigheachd,
'S leòir fhad 's a tha sinne
Gun sithionn, gun sealg ;
Theid sinne gu socrach
Air ionnsuidh nam Procach,²
'S o neamhnuid ar 'n acfuinn,
Bithidh 'n asnaichean dearg."

Beir m' iomcharadh chòmhnard,
Gu Dòmhnuille mac Sheòrais,
'S ged thréig mise an t-eòlas,
'S ann leis bu deòin leam a bhi ;
Ri aithris, mar 's còir dhuinn,
'S duine tairis gu leòir e,

¹ Telescope. ² Stags, commonly those one year old.

S 'n uair a thogas a shròn air,
 Ris nach còir a bhi strìth.
 'Nuair bhiodh a' ghaoth oirnn a' tionndadh,
 'S a' mhaoiseach 'n a teann-ruith,
 'N àm sgaoileidh nan con-taod, ¹
 Bu chall bhi ga d' dhìth.
 Gu dìreadh nam fuar bheann,
 Leis na sàr cheumaibh buadhach,
 Chuireadh 'n céill gu neò-uaibhreach,
 Nach bu shuarach do chli.

'N t-soraidh chliùiteach s' air falbh uam,
 Gu mac Hùistein do 'n *Bhoralaidh*,
 Tha do chùisean duit sealbhach,
 Is gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil càs ;
 'S e mo bharail air t-uaisle,
 Nach fear masguill no fuaime thu,
 Gheibhear cunbhalach, buan, thu,
 Gus an uair 'n tig do bhàs ;
 Pòitear inntinneach, measail,
 Os ceann fheara do stuic thu.
 'S a riamh cha b' àirde bhiodh misg ort,
 Na bhiodh do ghliocas a' fàs.
 Bheireadh t' inntinn ort eirmseachd
 Air an fhìrinn d' a seirbhead,
 'S cha bhiodh strìth ri do thoirmeasg,
 Gus an teirgeadh do bhlàths.
 'S ann an rudhachaibh *Sheannabhaid*,
 Tha 'n Sutharlach ainmeil,

¹ Leashes.

Gus an luighigean m' iomcharadh
 Iomachar a suas ;
 'S ri innseadh mar 's cubhaidh,
 'S fìor iosail 'n a shuidhe,
 'M fear tighearnail, cridheil,
 'S ceann uighe dhaoìn' uails';
 Sàr ghìomanach gunna,
 Làmh bhiadhadh nan cuilean,
 Agus iarthaiche tunna,
 Ann an cumadh gun chruas ;
 Dhuinn a b' àbhaist bhi tathaich,
 Air na h-àbhaich 'n àm luidhe,
 'S ged dh' fhàg mise a' chaithir,
 Is leam deacair a luaths'.

AGAINST SYCOPHANTIC PRAISE.

Tha cuid do na bàrdaibh

Aig a measa tha chèaird na an sealbh ;

Cuid nach amais air firinn,

Agus cuid dhiubh a dh' innseas i searbh ;

Moladh bheartaich tha làthair,

Is a' cuimhneachadh chàirdean tha marbh ;

'S luaith' an teanga na maistreadh,

A' cur faobhair a' mhasguill air falbh.

Mac co-alta a' Chòirneil,

Thubhairt Alastair¹ sòdh-ghradhach riut,

Thug e 'n tiotal² mar b' eòl da,

O nach b' aithne dha 'n còrr a thoirt duit.

Ach 'n uair rinn e do shéideadh,

Bha do sheubh r' a dheudaich-s' 'n a phùt ;

Ciod 's am bith rud is fiach thu,

Gheibh thu mach gur e 's crìoch dha an glùt.

Tha mise féin dol air m' uilinn,

Ged 'eil na ceudan a' cumail rium taic ;

Ged a shéidinn fear t' onoir-s',

Tha mi geur ann am barail nach peac' ;

¹ Alexander Cormack.

² Title.

Bidh mo chèaird dhuit ni 's daoire,
 Na bha 'm bàrd ud, ged 's caomh leis tombac;
 Ach dheanainn moladh nach b' fhiach thu,
 Chionn 's gu maitheadh tu 'm bliadhna dhomh 'm
 Prac.¹

Bharabra nighean Iain, cia àrd thu,
 Cha do shaoil leam gu 'n d' fhàs thu cho baoth,
 'S gu 'm biodh bleidireachd mholaidh,
 Togail t' aigheadh o 'n talamh le gaoth,
 Cha deach' maitheas ort àireamh,
 Mach o t' fheabhas gu baraigeadh bidh;—
 Feudaidh buadhan cho moltach
 Bhi 's an aon nach 'eil beartach, 's nach bi.

Cia maith biadhtaidheachd teallaich,
 'S iomadh gnìomh th' ann ar comas a 's mò;
 Is buaidh a 's minic a dh' aimis,
 Air bhi 'n cuideachdas farmaid is tnùth':
 Iads' bhios beartach de steòrnaibh,
 Ni iad fialuidheachd àrdanach, ùr;
 Gheibh iad cus a bheir rùm dhoibh,
 'S bidh gach glutair 'n a thrompaid d' an cliù.

'N uair a mhol e do bhràthair,
 Cha robh diog mu na dh' fhàg e do chlann;
 Ach oir 's tus' a bha lathraich,
 Is do bhuthailtean làn 's a' cheart àm,

¹ Tithes.

'G ràdh gu 'n d' ràinig e 'n t-Ard-Rìgh,
 Dearbh cha chreidinn an sgeàl ud á' cheann,—
 Fear nach robh anns an àite,
 'S nach 'eil cinnteach gu bràth a dhol ann.

'S beag orm féin am fear-dàna,
 Bhiodh 'g am shéideadh 'n uair dh' fhàsadh mo staid,
 No sìor-mholadh mo shinnsear,
 Ged bhiodh pàirt diubh r' an linn cur ri goid.
 Ach far 'm bi eutroman eanchainn,
 Ged robh 'aodan cho seanchair ri creig,—
 As an stoc cha tig unnsa,
 Nach bi leantuinn ris punnd do na bhleid.

'S iomadh glaoichd-chlaguinn falamh,
 Th' air a chuibhrigeadh geal anns gach pac ;
 Agus treun pearsa fùghail,
 Tha air éideadh le lùireach nan rac.
 Iads' tha reusanach, ciallach,
 Ge do thàir iad na ceudan 'n an glaic,
 Leis gach breitheamh tha ionnsuicht',
 'S mò am meas air na th' annt' na th' ac'.

'S i mo bharail-s' òrt, Àrdain
 Gu 'm bheil cuid ann an gràdh air do bheus ;
 'S lìonmhor cruth anns an tàir thu,
 A chionn uabhar a chàradh 'n an cré ;
 'N uair bhios pearsachan fùghail,
 'G ad a chartadh o 'm bùthanaibh féin,—
 Bidh tu cinnteach á comhnuidh
 Anns na h-inntinibh gòrach gun chéill.

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

Air fonn.—"Lochaber no more."

FHEARA òg' leis am miannach pòsadh,
 Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'g ur fàgail trom?
 Tha chuid a 's dìomhair' tha cur an lìn diubh,
 Cha 'n 'eii aon trian diubh a' ruigheachd fuinn.
 Tha chuid a 's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',
 O 'm bheil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
 Mar choirean làidir, cur mail' air pàirtidh,
 Tha barail chàirdean, is gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
 Gun bharrail iomraill nach dean e tùrn;
 Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh
 A ghuth d' a cluais, is a dhreach d' a sùil.
 An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
 Nach d' fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',
 Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu'n deach' a mharbhadh
 Do ni si bargan an uair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
 'S cha chan an fhìrinn gu 'm bheil e ceart
 Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
 Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.
 An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
 A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g a chasg,
 'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,
 'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
 Na bitheadh strì agaibh ri bhi pòsd',
 'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil sibh cinnteach,
 Rè fad h-aoin oidhch' gu teachd an lò.
 An tè a phairticheas riut a càirdeas,
 Ged 'eil i 'g ràdh sud le cainnt a beòil,
 Fuidh cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu focal dhith rè do bhed.

Ach 's mòr an gabhadh bhi 'g an sàruchadh,
 Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stòlt',
 Mach o phàrantan agus o chàirdean,
 Bhi milleadh ghràidh sin tha fàs gu h-òg.
 Mur toir i àicheadh do 'n fhear a 's feàrr leth',
 Ged robh sud cràiteach dhi fad a beò,
 Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dhi,
 'S gur feàrr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reuson a bhi gu tréigeadh
 An fhir a 's beusaich a théid 'n a triall;
 Ged tha e càirdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
 Ud ! millidh pràcais na th' air a mhiann.
 'Tha 'n duine suairce, le barrachd stuamachd,
 A' call a bhuannachd ri tè gun chiall;
 'S fear eile 'g éiridh, gun stic ach léine,
 'S e cosnadh géill dhith mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
 Oen ! ciod a' bhuaidh air am bheil a geall?
 Nach mor an neònachas fear an dòchais so,
 Gun bhi cròdach ri 's modha bonn.

Fear eile sìneadh le mire 's taosnadh,
 Le comunn faoilteach, no aigheadh trom,
 'S cia maith na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil na chall.

Ma tha e pàgach, ma tha e sgàthach,
 Ma tha e nàireach, ma tha e mear ;
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannair,
 Ma tha e cainnteach, is e gun chron ;
 Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
 Ma tha e còmhnhard, ma tha e glan ;
 Ma tha e dìomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
 Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin !

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun nàire,
 'S ma tha e sgàthach, cha bheag a' chrois ;
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaore,
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throsg ;
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, “ Cha 'n fhiach e,
 “ Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a chron ; ”
 'S ma tha e fàilligeach ann an àiteachadh,
 Cha bhi bàrr aig', is bitheadh e bochd.

Cò an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
 A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e tùrn ;
 'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
 Nach 'eil 'n a dhìteadh dha air a chùl.
 An duine meanmach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
 Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun diù ;
 'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,
 Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille 's cliù.

Tha fear fòs ann, a dh' aindeoin dòchais,
 A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
 Na biodh do chiall aig' na dh' aithnich riamh,
 Gu 'n d' éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear ;
 Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
 Thoir baile 's buar dha, is treabhair gheal ;
 Leig labhairt uair da, ri athair gruagaich,
 'S bheir mi mo chluas dhuit gu 'm faigh e bean.

TO JOHN MACKAY (MACÈACHANN).

John Mackay, tacksman of Mosal in Strathmore, was the patron of the bard and the first to recognise his genius. The occasion of this song was, when Mr Mackay, feeling that old age prevented his following the calling of drover, allowed that work to devolve upon Hugh Mackay of Dighouse. The poet makes him lament his absence from the scenes in which he delighted in his younger days.

'S aonarach a tha mi 'm bliadhna,
 'S tha mi cianail air a shon-a,
 Tional achaidhnean air bhràigheach',
 'S féidh air fàsach bhàrr na bh' orra ;
 'S gàbhaidh 'n roinn-s', tha 'm luill an anama,
 Pàirt diubh leanmhuinn air gach cor-a,
 Lean mo thuigse 'n sin ri m' fheum,
 Is thàir an fhéill dhi féin a toil-a.

'S luaineach, mion-chorrach, mo dhùsgadh,
 'G iarruidh naidheachd ùr gach fir,
 Suain cha 'n fhaigh mi air an rian so,
 Deoch no biadh, cha 'n iarr, 's cha sir ;
 'S gann gu 'n cluinn mi phàirt tha làmh rium,
 'N uair is àirde 'n gàir 's an gean-a,
 Cuimhneachadh bhi òg air féilltibh,
 Sealltuinn as mo dhéigh, 's mi sean-a.

Ach, Hùistein, cluich a réir do chéille,
 Dean-sa t' fheur ri gréin 'n a teas-a,
 'S cuimhnich nach 'eil neart an daoineibh,
 Nach toir beagan tiom air ais uath'.





Cuimhnich ornn-sa là Fèill-Micheil,
 'M bothan dìthreibh fo bhun phreas-a,
 'S m' aigheadh féin cho trom ri luaidhe,
 Air son bhì tuath, 'n uair tha thu deas-a.

Ach tha thu 'n cùirtibh mar bu chòir dhuit,
 Ged tha mis' fo cheò, 's fo smal;
 'S tha thu deanamh 'n àirde t' eòlais,
 Ris gach duine mòr is mion.
 Tha thu nochd a' triall a shealltuinn
 Air *Barr-callduin*, 's air a bhean-a,
 'S ged a dh' fhàs mo chasan mall,
 Cha tric' mo smuaintean 'so na sin-a.

Ach saoilidh mi gu 'm bheil mi ann,
 Is glacaidh mi gu teann mo chuilce;
 Is saoilidh mi anns a' cheart àm,
 Nach 'eil 'n am cheann ach samhladh uilce;
 Saoilidh mi gu faic mi t' eudan,
 Do làmh threun, 's an t-sréin, 's a' chuipe;
 'S tha do dhealbh aig sùilibh m' inntinn,
 Mar tha bheinn-s' aig sùil mo chuirpe.

Deanamh aithne ris gach dròbhair,
 Chaith mi iomadh bòta, 's spuir-a,
 Rinn mi 'n àirde cliù do nì,
 Greis do thiom mu 'n d' rinn mi sgur-a;
 'S caraid thu—cha chall ni fhuair thu,
 'S tu tha buain na bha mi cur-a,
 'S ait leam thu bhì 'n tùs na pris,
 Ged tha mi 'm bliadhn' 'n am aonar tur-a.

WELCOME TO COLIN OF BIGHOUSE.

Not a few of the would-be poets of that part of the country composed songs in honour of the child before he was born, and Rob Donn reproves them for their conduct.

George Mackay of Bighouse by his wife, Louisa Campbell had nine sons and twelve daughters. The eldest son, according to this poem, died before Colin's birth; but the historian of the Clan Mackay states that he was married, and died in Antigua.

A' Chailein òig, deadh lathach' dhuit,
A shealbhachadh còir t' athar dhuit;
Ach aois dhà-s', mu 'n caithear e,
Ma 's toil leis an Rìgh fhathail e;
Gu 'm beir do chiall-sa fathast air,
Iarramaid gun athadh,

Thu bhì maith o 'n tha thu mòr.

Iarramaid gun athadh, &c.

Rugadh mar do bhràthair thu,
Is rinneadh do 'n aon nàdur sibh;
Ni 's gealltuinneich' cha tàir thu bhì,
'S oighr' thu air na dh' fhàg e dhuit;
Mar sin na biodhmaid àrdanach,
Oir buinidh cheart cho càra

Dhuit dhol bàs, 's a tha thu bèò.

Oir buinidh cheart, &c.

Mu 'n d' rinn a' bhroinn do thearbadh uaip,
'S mu 'n d' thàinig dèird do sheanachas duit,
Gu 'n d' chaisg thu iomadh argumaid,
'S gu 'n d' thog thu sùil fir *Haladuil*;

Tha mise 'n dùil, is earbaidh mi,
 'N uair thig dhùit lùths is calmadachd,
 Gu dearbh gu 'n dean thu 'n còrr.
 'N uair thig dhuit luths, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhi balaisteach,
 Mu 'n gabh sinn greim gu h-amaideach ;
 'N ni ghearrar uainn ge h-ainid leinn,
 Sith bhi leis na ghearrar dhinn,
 'S a taingeachadh na dh' fhanas ruinn ;
 'S e ni ar n-aoibhneas maireannach,
 A choimeasgadh le bròn.
 'S e ni ar n-aoibhneas, &c.

Na dàinte cuagach eibeantach,
 A rinn an sluagh gu lag-bheartach,
 Tha leithsgeul uasal agam dhoibh,
 Bhrìgh 's gu 'm bu bhruadair cadail iad ;
 Oir saoilidh fear gur h-eaglais
 Tigh beag, 'n uair bhios e 'n ceò.
 Oir saoilidh fear, &c.

Tha mise cho maith dhùrachd dhuit,
 Ri luchd nan ranntan dùsalach ;
 Ach 's ann tha mi 'g a dhùrachd dhuit,
 O nach faidhe ùrraic mi,
 Air dhomh bhi ann mo dhuisg,
 'S an cuspair ùir-s' thighinn oirnn.
 Air dhomh bhi, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhi leasachadh
 Gach criosdaidh còir ge bheartas eig,

Fear lomnochd, is fear acarach,
 Fear dall, is fear gun chasan aig ;
 Ciod fhios nach brigh an athchuing'-san,
 A chuir am mac so oirnn.

Ciod fhios nach, &c.

Chuirinn geall, 's cha 'n fhàilnichinn,
 Nach robh e Ghall no Ghàidheal ann,
 Chlann Mhic-Aoidh, no Bhàillidhich,
 No aon duin' eile dh' ainmeas mi,
 Nach h-òladh deoch, 's nach pàigheadh i,
 Air slàinte Chailein òig.

Nach h-òladh deoch, &c.

TO LADY REAY.

Christian, daughter of Sutherland of Proncy. She was received by the Clan Mackay with marked disfavour as their Chief's second wife. When, however, Lord Reay's brother, the Hon. George Mackay of Skibo, stood as candidate for Parliament for the county, her ladyship's influence secured him the seat. This raised her in the estimation of the Mackays. Shortly after, a young man of the name of Kenneth Sutherland, ran away from his regiment and sought refuge in Durness, where, however, he was arrested. Lady Reay entertained his captors to a dance with her servants, and the flowing quaich having its usual influence, the deserter disappeared and was not again heard of. The poet commends her ladyship for both of these actions.

Airfonn.—"John of Badenoin."

FAILT ort féin a' Bhain-tighearn,
 Agus taing dhuit chionn do bheus ;
 'S e mis a bhi mi-nàdurrach,
 Mur cuirinn pàirt dheth 'n céill ;
 'S e b' fhasan do na phàirtidh sin,
 A thàrladh tu 'n an clé,
 An cliù 's an onoir àrdachadh,
 Air chost an càirdean féin.

Am bràthair leis am b' àill a bhi
 Am Pàrlamaid an rìgh,
 Chaidh dhearbhadh le do chàirdeas,
 Ni nach fàiling air a chaoidh ;
 Cia mar air bith a phàighear dhuit
 Am fàbhor s' le Mac-Aoidh,
 Bha gnìomh 's an uair sin dèanta leat,
 Nach b' àbhaist bhi le mnaoi.

Bu shubhach sinne shuas an so,
 'N uair chuala sinn an tùs,
 Gur h-ann a thaobh do chuartachaidh,
 A bhuannaich iad a' chùis ;
 Le cothachadh nam Baran ¹ sin,
 Chuir onoir air do chliù,
 Ni b' fhaide o na bhaile,
 Na chuid eile de na chùirt.

Cha 'n ainmich mi na puinncean so,
 'S nach cuimhnich mi an còrr,
 Oir rinn thu o cheann seachduin,
 Ni bha taitneach na bu leòir ;
 Am prìosanach a stopadh,
 Dh' easbhuidh leth-trom thoirt do 'n chòir ;
 'S a' phàirtidh bhi gun lethsgèul,
 Ach a' ghreis a rinn iad òl.

Thainig fleasgach tapaidh,
 Agus Cataich air a thòir ;
 'S mus cluinnteadh fuaim gu' n glactadh e,
 Mu gheat a' Mhorair òig,
 'S tearc a bha 's a' bhaile s',
 Dh' aithn'eadh 'bhoineid seach a bhròg,
 Chaidh phàirtidh chur á 'm faireachadh,
 'S chaidh Coinneach uath' do rònig.

Bha mire 'n sin 's bha tàbhurn,
 Eadar fir, is mnàibh, is clann ;
 Bha daoine tapaidh, teann, an sin,
 A' danns' nach tuigeadh fonn.

¹ Freeholders.

Chluinnteadh fuaim nan rotaichean,
 Aig Iotaichean fo 'm bonn ;
 Gach dara fear a' tuiteam dhiubh,
 'S e na chothrom aig Rob Donn.

Bha bean ri taobh na starsnaich ann,
 Rinn seasamh tapaidh, garbh,
 Cha b' aithne dhomhs' am *pass*,
 An deach' e as, ged bhi'dhn marbh ;
 Ach eadar chasan boirionaich,
 Gun bhoineid 's e gun arm ;—
 Glé fhaig do 'n alt an d' rugadh e,
 Sud thugadh e air falbh !

TO DR. MORRISON.¹

Dr. Donald Morrison was for some time in Lord Reay's family, and enjoyed their confidence and affection. A misunderstanding having arisen, he left the place suddenly. The poet here illustrates the proverb "Is a leamhan leac doruis an tigh mhor."

Luinneag.—Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin òg,
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin òg ;
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 'N comunn so dh' fhuaireich,
 Air an robh earball glé dhuaineil,
 Ge bu ghuanach a shròn.

A' bhliadhna na caluinn s',
 Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an t-eud,
 Bh' eadar Dòmhnall 's am Morair,
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol ;
 Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,
 Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an dé ;
 'S cò a 's dàcha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh' fhàgas am baile leis féin ?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
 Bhliadhna ghabh Sine Ghòrdan an t-àt,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t' aodan
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat.

¹ In 1737 John Morison, surgeon, and his sub-tenants possessed the lands of Achowariside near Eribol.

Ach 'n uair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho làidir ri tulchainn a' gheat',
 Shlob na bonna-chasa reamhar
 Dhe na loma-leacaibh sleamhuinn gun taic !
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh
 As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich, bhriosgach,
 Aig am faicteadh 'n dà iosgaid air chrith ;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dhà shléisde 'n an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith ?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanna Freasdail
 Toirt nan ceudan do *leasan* duinn,
 Deanamh iobairt do bheagan,
~~Cu 'm biodh~~ càch air an teagasg r' an linn.
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a cheann,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam idir,
 Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal,
 'G iarruidh fàsaich no eag do mo shàil,
 Is mi falbh air na leacaibh,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sàr ;
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,

Chum/

bhith/

Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
Cha 'n 'eil àird 'aig mo smigead o 'n làr.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

An duin' òg s' tha 'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dhéigh,¹
Fhuair e *leasan* o dhithis,
Chum gu 'n siùbhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum
Ach mu 'n chùis tha e/leantuinn,
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni 's léir;
Ach na 'm biodh brìgh ann mo chomhairl',
So an t-àm am bheil Somhairl' 'n a feum.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Iain Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-*Srathan*,²
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phrìs air an tarbh
Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,
Na bha 'n dreuchd ea dar *Ruspunn* 's am *Parbh*
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gheibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

¹ Dr Robert Munro, who, in 1773, resided at Ruspinn.

² On 23rd March 1725, John Mackay of Strathmelness with consent of his spouse Margaret renounced the wadset tack which his father and grandfather (both William by name) had of Strathmelness from Lord Reay.

TO JOHN SUTHERLAND,

Schoolmaster and precentor. On one occasion Rob Donn entered the Church while the congregation was singing. Between himself and Sutherland there was a good deal of feeling because of some attempts by the latter to reply in verse to his songs. The unexpected appearance of the poet so confused the precentor that he failed to proceed with the tune, much to the amusement of the congregation. Sutherland ceased to be precentor before 1764. The salary which was paid to John Gordon, precentor, from Whitsunday 1774 to Whitsunday 1775, was fifteen shillings and twopence.

CUIREAR fios gu Iain Thapaidh,
 Gur còir an teagasg so sgaoileadh,
 Ach an cluinn na tha cosd air,
 Nach robh a chleachdadh mar shaoil iad.
 Ged thug 'athair dha *porsan*,
 Cobhair eòlais gu aoireadh,
 Ciod an truaigh' chuir 'n a shuidh' e,
 Gu bhi 'n a bhreitheamh air daoineibh?

Ciod bhur beachd air a' choigreach,
 Rinn an leigeadh mi-shlobhalt,
 Is gu 'n robh e gu h-eibeant,
 A' cumail aideachaidh Criosdaidh,
 Chuir e sgled' air a' bhleid ud,
 Le glòir gun chreidimh gun ghnìomh'raibh,
 Nach do sheall e ni b' fhaide
 Na 'm poll 'n do choidil a mhiannan.

Shin thu 'n toiseach le fàbhor,
 'S thug iad àircamh do chloinn dhuit ;

'S le do chleachdaidhnean àluinn,
 Leig do nàbaidhnean call leat,
 Chuir thu cumant *Cheann-taile*,
 Le do chràbhadh an geall ort,
 Gus am fac' iad gu 'n d' fhàs thu
 Mar na fàidheanaibh feallsa.

Le do Chrìosdalachd charach,
 Air ghaol arain is airgid,
 Dh' thàg do phost feadh na sgrì' thu,
 Gu bhì saor o gach cairbheist.¹
 'S e na dhà sin mhi-mhaiseach,
 Fhuair a mach ann do cheilg thu,
 Mar-ri t' aigheadh neo-thoirteil,
 Chuir a' chorc anns na Saim dhuit.

Bu tu 'n dom a measg céire,
 Do 'n chléir uil' anns an d' fhàs thu ;
 Is a' chrìon fhiacaill ghaibhre,
 Anns na coilltibh a 's àirde.
 Bhì dol mearachd 's an t-seinn dhuinn,
 Air gach aon latha-sàbaid,
 Gu 'n d' thug sud air luchd t-éisdeachd,
 Gu 'n robh t' éigheachd 'n a gràin doibh.

Na 'm bu choimhearlach Cléir' mi,
 Cha bhiodh és' de na phàirtidh,
 Millidh striobhaid na cuinneag,
 'N uair is urramaich' làn i.

¹ Services rendered in lieu of taxes and rent charges. These consisted in assisting in ploughing, cutting corn, etc., for the proprietor, or the wadsetter, or the minister.

Tha e dearbhta gur trosg e, .
 Nach 'eil a' faicinn a bhàithe,
 Sgiùrsar mach air a *Chrasg* e,
 Air muin asail Bhalàaim.

Innis dhomhs' co bu bhàrd duit,
 Is do 'n phàirtidh bha 'm *Meircean*,
 No co a bha 'g a do chobhair,
 'N uair chaidh thu ~~cheangal~~ nan ceapag. *'n ceann*
 Bha Iain Thapaidh mar *stìle* ort,
 Oir 's tu oighre 'n fhir-cheasnaich',
 Ach mur freagair thu 'n fhearachd-s',
 Bidh "Iain mì-Thapaidh" 'm feasd ort.

Cia b' e chobhair 's an dàn thu,
 Thug e stràchd dhuit gu d' mhasladh,
 Dhol a tharruing ri t' aodan,
 Fear a dh' fhaodadh do chasadh.
 'S e thug ort bhi 'n ad Chriosdaidh,
 Gaol do *stìpein* a mhealtuinn,
 'S fad a ghabh thu o 'n àl sin,
 A fhuair am bàs 's iad na martair.

Ach na fuilingeadh tu spòrs' uainn,
 Cha rachadh 'n t-òran so shéideadh,
 Mur b' e na thug thu do thàmailt
 Do na thàmh 's do na dh' eug uainn.
 'S mò an dùsgadh do t' anntlachd,
 Anns an rann-s' gun ghuth bréige,
 Na ged thilgteadh do pheileir,
 Capull salach an *fheursaidh*.

Ciod a' bhuinte bh' aig a Sgriobtur,
 Ri do chiotaireachd chealga~~ch~~,
 No bhi làimhseach~~adh~~ firinn,
 Gus an aoir a bhi cearbach ;
 Ged nach d' ràinig do dhùbhlan,
 Cho dàn 's do dhùrachd a dhearbhadh,
 Rinn thu 'n dùnadh an amhrain,
 Gníomh an amhlair, mar dh' earbainn.

ANGUS BE BOLD.

THA mo spiorad fo chuing,
 'S bidh mi fo mhulad a chaoidh,
 Air son nach 'eil mar rium do chothrom,
 Na cheannaicheadh Anna mar mhnaoi.
 Tha mo spiorad fo chuing, &c.

Tha mo nì cho tana,
 'S nach urrainn mi aran thoirt di ;
 Tha mo ghaol cho deala,
 'S nach tàir mi bhi sona 'd a dìth ;
 Tha mo dhaoine a' fantuinn
 Cho dreamach le corruich 's le strì,
 Cha 'n aithne dhomh duine nach canadh,
 Gu 'm b' ainid leis aona dhiubh trì.

'S neònach leam t' athair bhi gealltuinn,
 Gu 'n cumadh e 'chlann air aon spréidh,
 Oir is fear esan bha fulang
 Mu'n d' fhuair e na bhuinnig e féin,
 Shuidhich e 'anam an geall oirr'
 Ged chailleadh e 'theaghlach gu léir,
 'S cha chreid mi nach aidich an saoghal,
 Gur mise 's mo aòbhar na és'.

O ! cha toigh leam gu bràth.
 A' mhuinntir a 's subhaich' 's a 's sàthaich',
 Dh' aindeoin an cothrom 's am buinnig
 Mur dean iad comh-fhulang ri càch.
 O ! cha toigh leam gu bràth, &c.

Bha mi an teaghlach ministear,
 A chrotaich na h-uile ni bàth,
 Dh' iarradh droch smuaintean a bhacadh
 Gun pheacadh a chleachdadh no r'àdh.
 Ged b' e sud pàirt d' a ghnothuch,
 Bhi tabhairt na comhairle b' fheàrr,—
 Chaidh 'n stic so ni 's fhaide ann am aigheadh,
 Na 's urradh mi aideachadh dha.

'S iad do cheisteachan teann,
 Dh' fhàg mo lethsgheulan fann,
 Air son nach 'eil romham na bhacadh,
 A' chomhairl' a ghlacadh mo cheann.
 'S iad do cheisteachan teann, &c.

Ged nach biodh bò r' a bleoghan,
 Caoire no gobhair ach gann,
 Ged nach biodh sguab 's an t-sabhull,
 Bidh dùil ri cobhair nam beann.
 Cha 'n eòl domh seòl a 's taitneich'
 Air beartas 'n uair thachradh e gann,
 No daoine bhi innealt gu cleachdadh,
 Fasan na h-acfuinn a th' ann.

O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus,
 'S c' uime nach cuir sinn an céill,

Nach ann an socair no 'm beartas,
 Tha 'n earrann a 's treise d' ar spéis.
 O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus, &c.

Cuir-sa gu gnìomhach, duineil,
 Do lìon 's do ghunna air seòl,
 Marbh dhuinn fiadh gu sithionn,
 Iasg, is uibhean, is èòin.
 Falbhamaid dh' ionnsuidh a' Pharsoin,
 Is deanamaid seasamh 'n a chòir :
 Pilleam, is suidheam, is guidheam,
 Air uidheam gu faigheam an còrr.

Ho ro ! a Naoghais, bi treun !
 Is cum do ghealladh rium féin ;
 Cho liutha 's tha tabhairt ort comhairl,
 Bhi 'g amharc mu 'n tabhair thu leum.
 Och ! a Naoghais, bi treun, &c.

Théid mi gu clìeach, carach,
 Mu 'n cuairt a mhealladh an fhéidh :
 Is théid mi air uairibh eile,
 Gu bruachan eil-thir an éisg ;
 'S ged robh mo dhìlsean a' trod rium,
 An grabadh no 'm magadh cha 'n éisd,
 Ach cùmhnannt, is eigheach na h-eaglais,
 Pòsadh gun eagal gun éis.

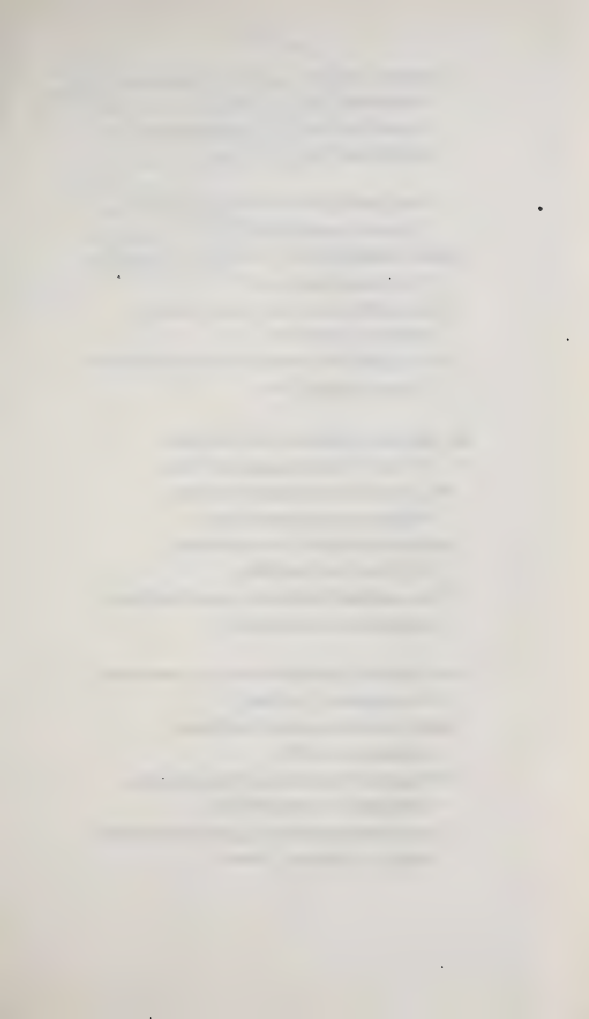
TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

A dialogue in the name of Mary and Isabel, daughters of John Mackay (Maceachin). Mary had been to school at Thurso, and is represented as disparaging country life, and her sister as replying to her criticisms.

Mairi.—CIA b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
 Bu mhisd se e gu bràth,
 Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
 Mhill e mi mo shlàint' ;
 Pàirt de m' acain, *Bà-theach Mheirceinn*,
 'S àit gun mharcaid e.
 Ach spàin is copraich, 's bà-theach fosgailt',
 'S gràine shop ri làr.

Iseabal.—Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Bhreatainn,
 'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,
 Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,
 'S nì e fuaim 'n uair 's àill ;
 Feur is coille, blàth is duille,
 'S iad fo iomadh neul,
 Is is' is *echo*, mar na teudan,
 Seirm gach téis a 's feàrr.

M.—Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnach,
 A bhi 'n ròig no 'n càrn,
 Oir, mur robh sgrìanach ann air bhliadhna,
 Cha robh riamh nì b' fheàrr.



Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
 'S fuathach leinn' a' ghàir;
 O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
 An t-àit an tiughe 'm feur.

I.—Ciod am fàth mu 'n d' thug thu fuath,
 'S ann do na bruachaibh àrd' ?
 Nach fhaic thu féin, 'n uair thig an spréidh,
 Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?
 Cha chràdh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
 Fuaim na lighe làin,
 Do 'n gnàth bhi cladhach roimh a h-aghaidh,
 Is feur a déigh a' fàs.

M.—Na bha firinneach de t' amhran
 'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth,
 Ni e tionndadh oidhche-Shamhna,
 'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr;
 Duille shuidhicht' bàrr an fhiodha,
 Dh' fhàs i buidhe-bhàn,
 'S tha sealladh 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
 Le steall do chathadh-làir.

I.—Gleidhidh 'n talamh chum an t-samhraidh,
 Sin a chrann e 'n dràsd,
 Beath is calltuinn latha-Bealltuinn,
 Gealltanach air fàs.
 Bidh grùth is crathadh air na srathaibh,
 'S teirgidh 'n caitheadh-làir.
 'S nach binn an sealladh, glinn an stealladh,
 Laoigh, is bainne, 's bàrr !

M.—'S barail leamsa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
 Air na rinn sibh chàis;
 Dhol do shliabh, gun chùr, gun chliathadh,
 'S nach robh biadh a' fàs.
 B' fheàrr bhi folluiseach an *Galladh*,
 Na bhi 'n comunn ghràisg,
 Le deatach connaidh air mo dhalladh
 Làimh ri balla fàil.

TO HUGH MAC DHO'LL MHIC IAIN

On his being removed by Lord Reay to Maldie from where he lived near the Reay Forest, as he was reputed to be partial to deer-shooting.

CHUALAS naidheachd o na chlàr,
A chuireas cràdh air Hùistein ;
'S e bhi 'g a fhògradh as an àite,
Rinn a chàil a chiùrradh ;
'M frithearr làmh ris air gach làmh,
'S cha chothrom dha-s' a' chùis ud,
Fo pheanas bàis, le peann a mhàn,
Nach loisg e gràinne fùdair.

Am bidh sinn tlàth ri fear a ghnàths,
Nach caisg a làmh le bùiteach,
'S a liuthad cothrom thug sinn da,
Ged phàigh e 'màl ud dùbailt' ?
Cha chreidinn càil a chaoidh gu bràth,
Air fear a nàduir ùigeant',
Ged gheibhinn làir, cha teighinn ràthan,
Cupall tràth air Hùistein.

The Hùistein feumail anns an fhrìdh,
Ged 's tric MacAoidh ga thionndadh ;
Gheibht' e treun, le òrdugh féin,
A' marbhadh fhéidh 's an t-samhradh.

Ged chuir sibh 'm bliadhn' e dheth na ciochan,
 Ghabh sibh rian bha meallt' air,
 Le cluich nan cealg, 'chur as an t-sealg,
 Air fichead marg do *Mhalldaidh*.

Cha d' rinn sinn sud le cluich nan lùb,
 Ach beag ri taobh na thoill e ;
 'S b' fhasan da bhi anns gach àit',
 A' feitheal fàth le foill orra.
 Dh' innseadh *Sàbhail*, 's *Creag-na-Ruaige*,
 Liuthad sàr a rinn e ;
 Is tha gach càrn an sin ag t-sarth
 Gu 'n robh e tàmh air oidhch' ann.

Ged b' fhada bha e air an sgàth,
 Cha b' iad na càirn a réidhlean ;
 'S am fear a ruigeadh 'n ceann an t-srath,
 Gu 'm faight' aig àite féin e.
 Ma tha *Sàbhal*, 's *Creag-na-Ruaige*,
 Togail sgeula bréig' air.
 Cha 'n 'eil mi ràdh, mu 'm faigh e bàs,
 Nach bi iad pàight' le chéile.

Cha b' aobhar diombaidh bh' againn ris,
 Mur biodh e tric 'g ar sàradh,
 Agus spùilleadh dhinn nam fiadh
 Bha taoghal riamh 'n ar bràighibh ;
 Bha *Ghlais-fhèith* 'g éigheach riumsa 'n dé,
 Gu 'n d' fhag i h-éiric bhàis air,
 'S tha *Meall a' Chléirich* fad an éis,
 Nach ruig e féin *Ceanntàile*.

THE KILLING OF THE BULL.

THAINIG sgiùrs' air na h-àiteach s',
 'S ann a nuas á *Ceanntaile* MhicAoidh ;
 Tha iad 'g aithris an tràth-sa,
 Rud nach caomh leo a chlàistinn a chaoidh.
 'S an àm do 'n tarbh dhol 'g a chosgairt
 Aig an fhear bha 'n *Ceann-loch*, 's aig a mhnaoi ;
 'S glan a thog iad an fhanoid
 Dheth muinntir *Port-sgeireidh* ri linn.

Thàinig Seòras MacLeoid ann,
 Leis a' ghunna bha 'n òrdugh gu treun,
 'N dùil gu 'n tugadh e 'm bàs da.
 O nach robh iad a tàirsinn deth géill.
 Thainig Iain mac Hùistein,
 'S ann a loisg e chuid fùdair gun theum ;
 Cha do chinnich an tarbh leis,
 Ged bu mhinic a mharbh e na féidh.

Thainig Murcha mac Hùistein,
 Leis an làmhaidh ¹ mhaith dhùbailt 'n a dhòrn,
 'N dùil gu 'm faigheadh e 'n tàr-leathar,
 Na 'n leagadh e 'n t-àgadh gu feòil ;

'S ann a thug e an t-suabag,
Mac an fhir d' am bu dual a bhi seòlt',
'N uair thug e ionnsuidh m' a aodann,
'S ann a spàrr e am faobhar 'n a thòn.

—/
—/

Le làn reachd agus àrdan,
'N uair chunnaic e 'n làmhaidh gun cheann,
Thug e urchair á 'laimh dh' i,
'S gur ann thuit i a mhàn anns an dàim;
Cuirear post do Dhunéidin,
Dh' iarraidh litrichean céire nach gann,
Dh' fhaotainn robhas an àgaidh.
A lot Murchadh gu gràineil 's an dronn.

Thàinig Uilleam mac Sheòrais
Do 'n bhaile, mur dh' òrduich an sealbh,
Gus a phàirtidh bha feumail,
'S gu 'm faigheadh e sgeula mu 'n tarbh;
Thug e bòid agus briathar,
Gu 'm biodh esan, gu biadh aige, marbh;
Ach a fhuair e cheud chlotheadh,
Dol a mhàn gu *Port-odhar* 's a' *Pharbh*.

Chaidh e suas uaith' do dh' *Aisir*,
S cha do ghlac iad e, phàirtidh bha ann;
Thug e ruaig, 's ann do dh' *Asaint*,
Gu 'm bu luaithe bha 'chasan na 'cheann;
Is ruaig eile do *Ghisgil*,
'S ghlac Uilleam a rìs e air cheann;
'S leig e falbh leis le sochair,
'S ann chaidh a cheanna-bheart 's an droch uair a
chall.

U

Thug e ionnsuidh do *Lunduin*,
 'S ged a thug, cha do bhuinnig e 'n tarbh ;
 Chaidh e 'n sin do *Dhun-éidin*,
 'S ged a chaidh, cha robh esan aig' marbh :
 Gur e leas-mhac Iain Chlàrca,
 O 'n 's ann aige-san b' fheàrr a bha arm,
 Mheud 's a fhuair e do bhuillean,
 Gur h-i luaidh-san a chuir e air falbh.

32

CHRISTIAN MACLEOD.

A dialogue between Rob Donn and Alexander Cormack in Reoldale. Rob praises Christian, and Cormack replies to him. Cormack was from Caithness. He had children baptized as follows :—Donald, 8th Nov. 1765 ; John, 18th Dec. 1767, and George on 14th Sept. 1769 ; two days after Rob Donn's son was baptized by the same name.

Rob Donn—

'S ann 's an *Fharaid* tha mhaighdean,
Nach 'eil toillt'neach air fuath dh' i;
Aghaidh mhaiseach gun ghnùig oirr',
Beul ciùin nach dean bruidhlean ;
Sud a teanga le breugan
Nach cuir càirdeas an t-sluaigh dh' i,
Uasal, iriosal, rianail,
Beannachd tighearn' is tuath aic'.

Alexander Cormack—

Rinn thu moladh gun choinnseas,
D' a h-aodann choinntinneach mhalluicht'
'S gu 'm b' e 'fasan bhi riastradh,
'S a spìonadh dhias anns an *Fharaid*
Mallachd athar is màthar,
'S gach aon nàbaidh bha mar ri ;
'N teangaidh ascaoineach, riasgaidh,
'M beul mi-dhiadhaidh na caile.

R. D.—Cha bu bhreugan a chanainn,
 'N uair bhithinn moladh na gruagaich,
 Oir 's e firinn is onoir
 O gach seanair bu dual d' i :
 'S ged bhiodh Gallach le prosbaig,
 Gus am preasadh e 'ghruaidhean,
 'S mis' nach creideadh air 'fhocal,
 Gu 'm fac' e rosadh nan sguab i.

A. C.—Tha mise labhairt na firinn,
 Is 'g a h-innseadh gu còmhnaidh,
 'S ged cheil thusa le masgull,
 Their Mac-Casgail ¹ ni 's leòir deth ;
 Gu 'n robh Curstaidh, 's sròn fhiat' oirr ,
 Lomadh dhias ann a pòcaid,
 Gu teumnach, beumnach lasgant',
 Is beag tlachd air ā còmhradh.

R. D.—'S neònach thus' bhi cho daobhaidh,
 'S tu sìor leughadh na còrach,
 Gun robh *Ruta* cho saothreach,
 Air an raon a bh' aig *Boaz* ;
 Thug e òrdugh do phàirt diu,
 Gu bhi fàgail nan dòrlach ; —
 Sin am barant bh' aig Curstaidh,
 Gu bhi 'm measg ur cuid eòrna.

¹ Macaskill was grievous to Lord Reay at Balnacille.



A. C.—Cha 'n ~~fhaigh thu~~ barant 's a' Bhiobull,
 Leis an soaradh tu Curstaidh;
 Oir 's e 's fasan do 'n fhirinn,
 A bhi dìteadh gach trusdair;
 Gu bheil gob oirr' mur reusair,
 Seirm na h-eucoir' mar rotair,
 M' ulaidh, m' aighear, is m' eudail,
 Is mairg céile gheibh mosag!

R. D.—'S mòr m' fharmaid ri céile
 Gheibh dha féin i mar chuspair;
 Pearsa maiseach, 's i foghlumt',
 An deadh éideadh 's an trusgan:
 Ged nach fulaing i luaidh rith',
 Tha gaol uaigneach air cus d' i,
 Is na 'm bithinn' 'n am bhantraich.
 Bhithinn fann mu 'm faigheadh tus i.

A. C.—Ged a bhithinn-s' 'n am bhantraich,
 'S mi nach sanntaichheadh peanas,
 Is nach pòsadh gu m' aimhleas,
 Olc aingeant' gun onoir;
 Ma ni 'm bàs rud cho tainnt' ort,
 'S gu 'n téid thu na cleamhnas gun sonas,
 Ma gheibh i aobhar gu aimhreit,
 Gu 'n cum i cainnt ris an donas.

R. D.—'S e mo chomhairl' do dhaoineibh,
 Gun bhi 'g inns' air a' mhaighdean,
 Ann an toiseach a pisich,
 Cliù a 's measa na thoill i;



Ged a thog iad droch sgeul oirr',
 Cha bu léir dhoibh 's an oidhch' i,
 Mach o' ~~n ròpan~~ Mac-Casguil,
 'S gu bheil e faicinn nan taibhseach',

*Chop-Chuill /
 Bha na ...*

C
A.R.—Rinn Mac-Casguil an fhirinn,
 Ann an dìteadh na maighdinn ;
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thusa a ris oirr',
 An cliù s'gaoilt' sinn na chaill i ;
 Bu cho maith dhuit a h-aoireadh,
 Ris an t-saothair a rinn thu,
 'S nach robh leisgeul g' a saoradh,
 Ach bhi 'g innseadh gur taibhs' i.

Chop-Chuill /

R.D.—Cha 'n 'eil Curstaidh 'n ur comain,
 Chionn bhi tolladh a cliù oirr',
 Leis na griobhachan Gallach,
 Cur a h-alladh feadh dhùthchan ;
 Le sgeòil bhreugach Mhic-Casguil,
 A' bhiasd chrasg-shùileach, ghlùn-dubh,
 Le bhi seinn a chuid tuaileis,
 A' deanamh suas ri daoine 'ura.

2.

for the ...

~~TO~~ RUPERT MACKAY,

Fourth son of Robert Mackay, Tutor of Farr, and his wife Janet, daughter of John Mackay of Kirtomy. He married a Miss Gordon, whose mother was a granddaughter of Captain Hugh Mackay of Scourie, and his wife Jane Dunbar of Cyderhall. Rupert emigrated to Jamaica.

SLAN is maireann do Rhùpard,
 Chaidh air 'aineol gun chùram,
 Air bhàrr mara fuidh shiùil air na clàraibh.
 Slàn is maireann do 'n Rhùpard, &c.

'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s',
 Gu bheil tearc duine fiùghail,
 Thuiteas feasd annt' air cùis mach o 'n àireach.
 'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s', &c.

Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud;
 Thaobh do chiall is do ghniomhra,
 Cha bu mhiann duit bhi diomhain 's na h-àitibh-s'.
 Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud, &c

Soirbheas sona air chuan duit,
 Taghadh cala gun fhuadach,
 O na maireannan gluasadach, gàireach.
 Soirbheas sona air cuan duit, &c.

a/b

Na robh fear-tan aig fuachd ort,
 Na toir teas dhuit a chuartaich,¹
 Na bu treise luchd t' fhuath na luchd t' fhàbhoir
 Na robh fear-tan aig fuachd ort, &c.

Réir 's mar b'aithne dhomh féin thu,
 No mar b' urradh mi innseadh,
 Bha e ainneamh fear t' aois is do thàbhachd.
 Réir 's mar ~~chunnaic~~ mi féin thu, &c.

sp!

b'aithne/a

Cruaidh, duineil, gun dochair,
 Suaire [^] sìothchail, gun sochair,
 Caitheadh cuimir gun bhoichdas gun bhàithe,
 Cruaidh, duineil, gun dochair, &c.

,

Smachd is meas gun bhi feargach,
 Cuimse ghlic gun bhi cealgach;
 Uailse phailt air a tearbadh o 'n àrdan.
 Smachd is meas gun bhi feargach, &c.

Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa,
 Chuireadh fonn dhomh air m' inntinn,
 'S iomadh iomradh a dh' innsin a dh' fhàg mi.
 Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa, &c.

An earbsadh naidheachd a chluinntinn,
 Thogas aighear do mhuinntir,
 Iomadh soraigh, le mìle ceud fàilt duit.
 An earbsadh naidheachd a' chluinntinn, &c.

¹ Fever.

Ann do dhùisg, no 'n do chadal,

H-uile cùis 'g ad dheadh fhreagairt

Dhuitse, Rhùpaird Mhic Reabaird 'Ic Theàrlaich.

Ann do dhùisg, no 'n ~~ad~~ chadal, &c.

do/

The f Fox-hunter

The fox hunter was a great fop and imagined that all the girls of the place were in love with him. His father was the blacksmith of the place.

Do mhac Gobhainn, a thoisich a bhi 'n a shealgair-sionaich air fad na duthcha, agus d' an robh ainm a bhi measail 'n a bheachd fein, agus a bha smuaineachadh gu robh nigheana na duthcha 's gach ait an deigh air.

'Tha mac a' ghobhainn cheann-dalaich,
'S an àm-s' a triall do Dhiùirinnis,
'S i cheist air cuid gu h-uaignidheach,
An cualas cia meud cù tha aig?
B' e 'bheath do dh' ionnsuidh ghruagaichean,
Na 'm fuadaicheadh e 'n lùis iad uaith,
Oir 's biastan dàna, fuaimneach iad,
Do thabhairt suas nan rùintean ac'.

Tha dòchas air an oighreachd so,
Aig maighdeanan nach ainmich mi;
Thig naidheachd chun na h-inntinn
Troimh na chuinnean 'n uair bhios meannmainn orr' a
Ged cheil iad oirnn gu rùnach e,
Bidh dùil am beul an anmoich ris,
Mu 'm faic iad leus le 'n sùilibh dheth,
Air a' chùigeadh cù gu 'n aithnichear e.

Bidh cona mòra blobhdail ann,
 'N uair cheanglar iad ri cailbheachan ;
 Bidh *Ubh ! Ubh !* fiadhaich ac',
 Nach ruig iad biadh nan searbhantan ;
 Bidh *Fitheamh, Fetheamh !* dranndanach,
 Aig abhgan beaga gearrtach ann ;—
 Their mnathan fuine, pronntanaich,
 “Ceàd conntachd orr', nach calbhar iad !”

Ach 's mòr is misd an t-suiridh aig',
 An uirghill tha 'g a leanmhuinn dhiubh ;
 N uair thig na gaothar luaineach ud,
 Ni 's luaithe na na sealgairean ;
 Bidh caithris shlos is shuas aca,
 S iad suaiteachan le 'n earballaibh ;
 Ma bheanar dhoibh, gur buarant' iad,
 'S ma bhuailear iad, bidh sgalgail ann.

Bidh 'n sealgair féin glé chùramach,
 Ma chiùrrar fear an iomrall dhiubh ;
 Bidh 'n liagh a' togail uachdair aig',
 S e suathadh sud ri 'n lurgainnibh ;
 Cha chum na naisg an spréidh againn,
 N àm éisdeachd ris an uirghill ud,
 Bidh sgiotadh luath' is éibhlean ann,
 S na biasdan féin 'g a imlich dhiubh.

Bidh bheanag shubhach, shùgach ann,
 'S bidh bheanag dhiùltach, fheargach ann,
 Cha toir i cisd no cùlaisd oirr',
 Gun chupull chù 'g a leanmhuinn ann :

Gur tric i cur an céill doibh 'n sin,
 Na dh' ith iad féin 's na seirbhisich ;—
 Ach foighnichidh na gruagaichean,
 “Cia meud cu ruadh a mharbh thu leo?”

Thig maighdean chun an fhleasgaich ud,
 N déigh deasachadh 'cuid chearban oirr',
 'S e dh' fhoighnich 's iad gu canach ris,
 “An d' fhuair na coin sin marbhan uait?”
 Nach fhaic sibh bian an t-sionaich,
 Is nach fhoghain sin d' a dhearbhadh dhuibh?
 Mu 's deach' a' bhiasd a chothachadh,
 Bha “*Fitheamh, Fetheamh!*” searbh an sud.

B' fhearra dhuit a bhi goibhneachd,
 Na bhi gaoithreanachd 's a' sealgairachd,
 Ged mholadh mnathan faoine sud,
 Is maighdeanan le 'n cealgairachd ;
 Le d' abhgan dona glámhadach,
 'S gach dàrna h-oidhch' gun deargadh leo,
 'S e their gach tè fo 's ìosal diubh,
 “Droch dhiol air a chuid balgairean!”

Cha 'n fhàir mi chur an céill duibh,
 Cia mar dh' éigh 's e orr' 'n uair dh' fhalbhas
 Mur lean iad sin gu léir e,
 Bidh 'fhead cho geur 's gur searbh leibh i ;
 Bidh 'dheamhas féin 's a chonn-taod ¹ aig,
 'S e tionndadh riubh 's gan ainmeachadh ;
 Bidh *Oscair!* *Bus-dubh!* *Gairmidh!* ann,
 Bidh *Gairgein?* ann, 's bidh *Feargaidh!* ann.

¹ Leash.

Tha suiridhich air fàs bòsdail,
 'S tha 'n còrr 's a' mhuinntir ruagha dhiubh;
 'S e m' bharail air an t-seòrsa sin,
 Gur bòsdail á 'n cuid ghruagan iad;
 Tha sean-focal 's an fhòds' againn,
 Gur neònach leam mur cual sibh e,
 "Cha 'n 'eil gach buidhe 'n a òr,"
 'S na 'm bitheadh 's mòr bu shuaraich e.

”/

Donald of the 'Lugs'

~~TO DONALD MACKAY,~~

(Domhnall nan Cluas)

Son-in-law to John Mackay of Musal, being married to his daughter Mary. He lived in Musal in 1765, but by 1769 he had moved to Badnahachlash, which Rob Donn had left. Donald sold one of his father-in-law's cattle, and when the matter came to be inquired into, he suggested that Rob might have sold the beast. Shortly after this, the animal turned up, but with both its ears cropped to put it beyond identification. Although his master exhorted the bard not to mention the matter, the song was composed, and Donald henceforth went by the name of "Donal nan Cluas." On 18th January, 1765, he had a son baptised, named Hugh. His brother Robert was tenant in Alltcoirefhreasgal.

BHA mi greis de m' lathaichean,
 Air feadh an t-Srath¹ ad shuas;
 'S ann a bha mò thàimhteachd,
 Ann am fardoch nan doain' uails';
 B' fhada leibhse bha mi,
 Is le càch a thàmh mi uath',
 'S cha 'n fhacas leus do Mhàiri,
 Le mo ghràin do Dho'll nan cluas.

'S bochd dhomh fhéin mo nabuidh,
 Nach biodh nàdur ann a b' uails',
 Shaoil leam, le mo thosdachd ris,
 Gu robh mi cosnadh duais;
 Ged bha mis' cho fàbhorach,
 'S nach d' thug mi iads' a suas,
 B' fheàrr leam a dhà adharc
 A bhi goirid, na 'dhà chluas.

¹ Strathmore, where he was born.

O nach fhaod mi dhearbhadh nís,
 A' cheilg sin bha air d' uidh,
 Nì mi do chuid adharcan
 Cho goirid ris na laoigh ;
 Is 'n uair a nì mi cnùcach thu,
 Bidh dùil agam a chaoidh,
 Ged robh e féin am fuairead rium,
 Gu 'm faigh mi duais o 'mhnaoi.

'S ann a phòs an t-amadan,
 'N a cheannaich' 's e'n a chaoir,
 Cha tuit d' a bheartas unnsa uaith,
 Nach caill e punnd d' a ghaol ;
 Dh' fhàg sud na cluasan leogach aig'
 'S an adharc sgrogach, caol ;
 Ghlac Màiri strì na ciotaireachd,
 G' a fhàgail smiotach, maol.

First line → 'S a chomas thoirt a mhàn ;
 Leig fear na *Crannaich* fada,
 An tagradh ud mu làr ;
 'N uair shiùbhlas lagh is reuson air,
 Mu 'n éirich lagh o 'n chlàr,
 Cha dligheich' roinn do 'n fhearann dhoibh,
 Na tòrradh N' Uilleim Bhàin.
 'S maith an tarbh cha phronnadh oirnn,¹

¹ Robert Macpherson, the husband of Janet Calder, daughter of William Calder (Bain), who received severe injuries in a fight with Donald.

An t-ainmhidh coimheach, ceannairceach,
 'N a dhonas measg na tuath',
 Faodaidh es' a dhiobhlachadh,
 Ni 's modha prìs na luach ;
 Ach glacaidh duine reusont' e,
 A bhàrr na spréidh' 's an uair ;
 Is thugar cìs d' a adharc,
 Air cosd ailean a dhà chluas.

'N duine tha 'n a bhreitheamh,
 Gus gach *difir* thoirt a nuas,
 B' eòlach e mu 'n adharcan,
 Mu 'n d' fhairich e 'n ceud bhruan ;
 Ged tha es' 'g a cheiltinn,
 'S 'g a gheiltrigeadh le stuaim,
 Gur ganna sgeul bu duilich leis,
 A dh'fhuiling a dhà chluas.

'N uair théid an t-òran cluasach so
 A suas air feadh na tìr,
 Bitheadh e aig na buachaillean,
 A' cuairteachadh 'n cuid nì ;
 Bitheadh e 'm beul nam buanaichean,
 A' gearradh sios gach raoin ;
 Cha 'n 'eil guth nach bi fuaimneach dha,
 'S cha chluinn e cluas nach claon.

 Gilded.

TO LORD REAY'S FACTOR.

(Mackay of Bighouse.)

* On the occasion of Rob Donn being warned to leave Bad-na-h-achlais on account of his persisting in shooting deer. Some of the men of influence in the district did not use their influence in the poet's behalf as he expected, being divided in opinion as to his conduct in this respect.

Air fonn :—"Ealasaid N'ic Connuil."

Luinneag.—"S cian fada, 's cian fada,
 'S cian fada gu leòir,
 O'n a bha mi air acair,
 'S mi 'g iarraidh fasgaidh fo sgòid ;
 Nis ma 's éiginn dhomh teicheadh,
 'S nach 'eil leithsgeul a' m' chòir,
 C'uime 'n caomhnainn bhur sgobadh,
 'N diugh 's mi togail nan seòl.

IAIN 'Ic Naoghais 'Ic Uilleim¹
 A dhòirt iomadaidh fola,
 C' uime 'm biodh tu ga 'm aicheadh,
 An diugh aig beul-thaobh a' bharraidh ;
 'S e mo bharail gu 'm b' fheàrr dhuit,
 Sìneadh an argumaid eile,
 Òir a bha thu 'g am marbhadh,
 O 'n la dh' fhalbhadh tu 'm baile.
 'S cian fada, &c.

¹ Once a noted poacher, but at this time a bailiff.

Ach ma 's obair mi-dhiadhaidh
 Bhi marbhadh fhiadh anns na gleannaibh,
 'S iomadh laoch dhe do theaghlach
 A thuit gu trom anns a' mhealladh;
 Bu daoine fuilteach o 'n d' fhàs thu,
 'S cha b' fhearr càirdean do leannain;
 'S ma 's peacadh sud tha gun mhaitheanas,
 Bithidh tus gun mhaitheanas damainte.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Gum bheil tinneas na bliadhna,
 Dol ni 's piantaich 's ni 's cràiteich',
 Ach mu ni sinn foighidinn chiallach,
 Thig an riaghladh ni 's feàrr oirnn;
 Thig an cumant gu socair,
 'N uair theid stopadh air Ahab,
 'S bidh sinn a' feuchainn ar lotan,
 Air beul-thaobh Dhochtair Bohàbhairn.¹
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ach a Dhochtair Bohàbhairn,
 Thug mi dàn duit nach tuig iad;
 O 'n tha mis' air bheag airgid,
 Buinidh oircheas do t' obair;
 Tha mo dhùil ri do phlàstair,
 'N uair tha càch 'g a mo bhioradh,

¹ Dr Boerhaave, who flourished 1668-1738. A monument to his memory in St Peter's, Leyden, has the inscription, "Salutifero Boerhaavii genio sacrum." Mackay of Bighouse was nicknamed 'Bohabharn' after the doctor.

'S mur a 's fhaid' thu 'g a chàradh,
 'S ann a 's feàrr e 'n uair thig e.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachainn 'Ic-Iain,¹
 'S tu thiorc mi m' meadhon mo dhragha,
 Bheireadh teist gu mo chliù orm,
 Air mo chùlaobh 's ri m' aghaidh ;
 Le do chomhairlean rùnach,
 Bheireadh dùbhlán luchd-lagha,
 Bha do chuid 'g a mo chobhair,
 'S cha b' i do chomhairl' bu lugha.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Uilleam *Mheilinis*,² thair leam
 Nach seas càirdeas air aon-chois,
 'S maith a chumadh tu làmh rium,
 Gus 'n do thàir thu mi 'm plundar ;
 'N uair a chunnaic thu 'n sàs mi,
 Fuidh àrd smachd an Tigh *Thunga*,
 Dh' fhàs thu tolla-chluasach bodhar,
 'S cha do chobhair thu 'n cunntair.
 'S cian fada, &c.

Ma chaidh mo chàirdeas am fuairead,
 Ri daoine uaisle na dùthch-sa,
 'S éigin nis dol a dh' iarraidh,
 Rathad fiar nach robh dùil a'm ;

¹ John Mackay of Musal.

² William Mackay of Melness, eldest son of John and Janet Mackay, had sasine of the lands of Melness in 1727.

Far 'm bheil seann Dòmhnall Thapaidh,¹
 Leughadh charaids'² an *Sgùdaig*,
 Dh' fheuch am préisg e 's na geataibh-s',
 A' chùigeamh athchuing' do 'n ùrnuigh³;—
 'S cian fada, &c.

¹ Donald Sutherland, catechist and teacher in Tongue.

² The catechism.

³ “Agus maith dhuinn ur ciont mur mhaìtheas sinn dhoibhs' a chiont-aicheas ar n' aghaidh.”

A DROVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Rob Donn was at this time in Crieff with cattle belonging to John Mackay of Musal.

Air fonn :—"Logie o' Buchan."

GED is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha 'n e 'n codal bh' air m' ùigh,
 'S tric mo smuaintean a' gluasad,
 Do 'n Taobh Tuath leis a' ghaoith;
 'S mòr a b' annsa bhi mar-riut,
 Ann an gleannan nan laogh,
 Na bhi cunntadh na *Saileach*,¹
 Ann am pàirceachan *Chraoibh*.²

'S mòr mo cheist air an nighean,
 A gheibhteadh cridheil 's a' spòrs,
 I gun fhiaras gun àrdan,
 'S i gun bhàith' no gun phròis.
 Ged a bhithinn air feallachd,
 Is leth-cheud fear air mo thòir,
 Gheibhinn dìon ann ad chùl-tigh,
 'N uair bu dlùith' iad teachd orm.

Bitheadh mi nis a' dol dachaidh,
 Dh' fheuch am faic mi bean t-àilt,
 Leamsa b' aoibhinn bhi 'm fagus
 Do 'n euchdaig leadanaich bhàin;

¹ Cattle reared in the *Sàl*, a part of Ben Hope.

² Crieff.

B' e mo roghann-s' gu fiadhach,
 A' *Chreag-riabhach* 's an t-Sàil,
 'S an àm an fheasgair 'g an slaòadh,
 Le *Càrn-a'-phiobair* a mhàn.

Bu toigh leam càradh na fridhe,
 Ged tha mi 'n *Craoibh* air bhòrd lom;
 Eadar *Badaidh-nan-caorach*,
 Agus aonach nan tom;
 Is na h-*Ursannan* riabhach,
 'N tùs na bliadhn' am bi chlann,
 'S a bhi fo spìcean nan creagan,—
 Bu shaor mo leabaidh dhomh ann.

'S mòr mo cheist air a' ghruagach
 A tha 'n taobh shuas do na *Bhàrd*,
 Gheibht' gu h-anmoch 's a' bhuaile,
 'N uair thigeadh 'm buar as gach àird.
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhuit,
 Ge fada uait tha mi 'n trath-s',
 S tric a chaill mi mo shuain riut,
 'S bu mhòr mo bhuannachd do phàg.

Mhic-ic-Uilleim, o 'n uair sin,
 Fhuair thu uaigneas gu leòir,
 'S thu mu thimchioll na gruagaich,
 Is i 'n a buanaiche fèidir;
 Ged a gheibht' thu 'n a caidreamh,
 Cha b' e t' eagal bhiodh orm,
 O na dh' fhàs thu cho suairce,
 'S nach cluinnteadh brùaillean do bheòil.

Fhleasgaich òig tha dol dachaidh,
'S tu nach acain mo chall,
Ged a dh' fhanainn 's a' bhaile-s',
Gu àm tarruing nan crann;
Naoghais òig Mhic 'Ic Alastair,
Dean-sa fanadh a nall,
'S na cuir éis air ar comunn,
An déigh gach gealladh bha ann.

ANN MORRISON.

Ann was the bard's first love. Though a young woman of most estimable character, she was not above flirting with others. In the end she married John Murray, a joiner, who did not, according to local report, turn out to be a model husband. So much may be inferred from the poet's verse to his grandson, who was also Murray's grandson by the marriage of his son Hugh to Christian, Rob Donn's daughter, in 1773.

'S TROM leam an àiridh, 's a' ghair so a h-innt',
 Gun a phàirtinn a b' abhaist, bhi 'n tiath-sa air mo
 chinn,
 Anna chhich-chorrach, chaol-mhalach, shliob-cheannach,
 chruinn,
 Is Iseabail a' bheòil mhillis, mhànnanach, bhinn.
 Heich ! mar a bha, air mo chinn,
 A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach, 's nach stà dhomh bhi
 'g inns'.

Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile, 's a suas measg nan craobh,
 'S gach àit anns an b' àbhaist bhi tathladh mo ghaoil;
 'N uair chunnaic mi 'm fear bàn ud, 's e mànnan r'
 a mhnaoi,
 B' fheàrr leam nach tiginn idir, làimh riu, no 'n
 gaoith.
 'S e mar a bha, air mo chinn,
 A dh' fàg air bheagath mi, ge nair' e ri sheinn.

Space

Anna bhuidhe 'n Dòmhnuille, na 'm b' eol duit mo nì,
'S e do ghaol gun bhi pàight' leag a mhàn uam mo
chli;

Tha e dhomh á t' fhianuis, cho gnìomhach 's 'n uair
chì,—

Diogalladh, 's a' smùsach, 's gur ciurrt tha mo chridh'.

Air gach trà, 's mì ann an strì,

A' feuchainn r' a àicheadh 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

Ach labhair i gu h-àilghiosach fàiteagach, rium,

"Cha 'n fhair thu bhi làimh rium do chàradh mo
chinn;

Tha siathnar 'g am iarruidh o bhliadhna do thiom,

'S cha b' àraidh le càch thu thoirt bàrr os an cinn."

Ha, ha, ha! an d' fhàs thu gu tinn,

Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs_ort gu 'm pàigh thu d'
a chinn!

Ach cionnus bheir mi fuath dhuit, ged dh' fhuaireich
thu rium,

'N uair 's feargaich' mo sheanchas mu t' ainm air do
chùl,

Thig t' iomhaigh le h-annsachd, mar shamhladh 'n
am ùigh,

'S saoilidh mi gur gaol sin, nach caochail a chaoidh.

'S théid air a ràth, gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,

Is fàsaidh e 'n tràth sin cho àrda ri tùr.

O 'n chualas gu'n gluaiseadh tu uam leis an t-Saoir,

Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le bruadaichean
gaoil;

Do 'n chàirdeas a bha sud, cha 'n fhàir mi bhith saor,
Gun bhàrnaigeadh làimh riut, tha 'n gràdh dhomh 'n
a mhaor.

Ach, ma tha mi ga do dhìth,
B' fheàirde mi pàg uait mus fagthu an tìr.

MACRORY'S BREEKS.

(Briogais Mhic Ruairidh.)

This, one of the sprightliest songs in the language, was composed almost on the spur of the moment. The occasion was the wedding in Musal of "Isobal Nic Aoidh," daughter of John Mackay (MacEachann) and John, son of Kenneth Sutherland of Cnocbreac. The poet had not been invited to the wedding, as he was not on the best of terms with the family at the time. Being missed by the guests, he was sent for to Bad-na-h-Achlais, where he then resided. Conversing with the messenger by the way, he learned that Macrory had lost his breeks. When, shortly after his arrival he was called upon for a song, he gave this as it now stands.

Donald MacRaoniul's "Brigis Mhic Ruairidh" is but a poor imitation of it.

Luinneag.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, no 'n cuala sibh,
Co idir thug briogais Mhic Ruairidh leis?
Bha bhriogais ud againn an àm dol a chadal,
'S 'n uair thainig a' mhaduinn cha d' fhuairadh i.

CHaidh bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na connlaich,
'S chaidh Hùistein a dhanns' leis
Na gruaigaichibh;
'N uair dh' fhàg a chuid misg e,
Gu d' thug e 'n sin briosgadh,
A dh' iarruidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu làimh ris,

Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,

Ged a bhiodh siataig

Na d'chruachanan.

Na faiceadh tu 'dhronnaig,

'N uair dh' ionndrain e 'pheallaig,

'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,

'S a' suaiteachan.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Iain MhicEachuinn,

Ma 's tusa thug leat i,

Chur grabadh air peacadh

'S air buaireadh leath' ;

Ma 's tu a thug leat i,

Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,

Chaidh t' uair-sa seachad

Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Chaitriona Ni'n Uilleim,¹

Dean briogais do 'n ghille,

'S na cumadh sud sgillin

A 'thuarasdal ;

Ciod fhios nach e t' athair,

Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—

Bha feum air a leithid,

'S bha uair dhe sin.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

¹ Wife of John Mackay (MacEachan)

Briogais a' chonais,
 Chaidh chall air a' bhanaïs,
 Bu liutha fear fanoid

Na tuathag oirr' :

Mur do ghléidh Iain MacDhò'll

Gu pocan do 'n òr i, ¹

Cha robh an *Us-mhòine*

Na luaidheadh i.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain MacDhòmhnuill,

Gu pocan do 'n òr i.

Cha robh an *Us-mhòine*

Na ghluaisheadh i.

Airson Uilleam MacPhàdruig,

Cha deanadh i stà dha,

Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird

Air a' chruachan dha.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

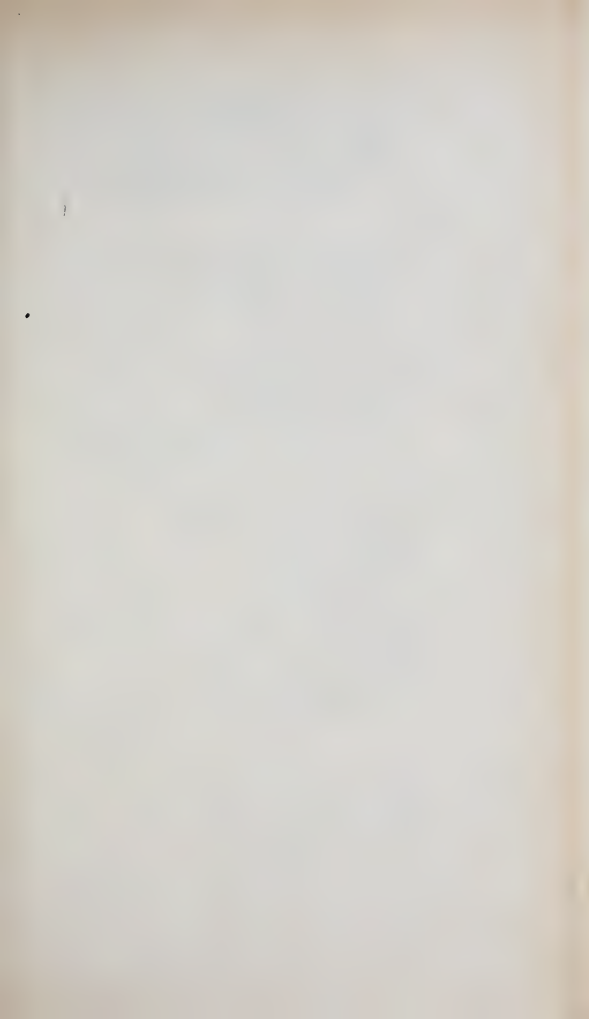
Tha duine 'n *Us-mhòine*

D' an ainm Iain MacSheòrais,

'S gur iongantas dhomhsa

Ma ghluais e i;

¹ John secured some of the gold which the crew of the Hazard had thrown away near Loch Hacon as they were pursued by the country people. When Lord Reay came to know of John's good fortune, he summoned him to Tongue House and made him give up the money. John had talked too freely of his acquired wealth, and proposed to buy from Lord Reay, Eribol, Arnabol, Hope, Ribigil, Kirkibol or Tongue, as his wife might wish.



Bha i cho cumhang
 Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
 Nach dean i ni 's modha
 No buarach dha.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e,
 'M feadh bhios e mar tha e,
 Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
 An luachaire e.
 Na leigibh o bhail' e
 Do mhòinteach no coille,
 Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
 'S gum buail i e.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Cha 'neil fitheach no fannaig,
 No iolar no clamhan,
 No nathair a ghlinne
 Na cuachanan ;
 No smagach an luisean-
 Ged 's graineal an cùspar,
 Nach bh-fhearr leo no musaidh
 Do shuaitheadh riubh.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Nà 'm faiceadh sibh 'leithid,
 Bha bann oir' do leathair ;
 Bha toll air a speathar,
 'S bha tuathag air ;

'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,
 Mu bhréidean a gobhail,
 Far am biodh am ball odhar
 A' suathadh rith.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,¹
 'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
 Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas
 Sluaigh an so;
 'N uair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
 'S nach do chaill thu dad idir,
 'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
 A bhuannaich thu !

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

¹ The bridegroom.

TRIP TO STORNOWAY.

The poet went this trip with George Mackay of Handa. A storm overtook them off Stoir Point, which necessitated their running across the Minch without the pilot which they expected to pick up at Lochinver.

Air fonn :—" John o' Badenoin,"

SIUBHAL mar-ri Deorsa duinn,
Do *Steòrnabha* air chuan,
Fad na h-oidhch' a' seòladh dhuinn,
Gu *Rugha-'n-Stoir* ud shuas ;
Bu bhiadhach, deochach, 'bhirlinn ud,
'S i luchdar, dìonach, luath,
Gu stiùrach, crannach, ròpanach,
Gu rathanach, seòlta, fuaight'.

Air maoladh gob an Rugha dhuinn,
An dubharachd na h-oidhch',
Suas gu *Loch-an-Ionmhair* sinn,
'G iomramh, gun leus soills',
Shìn gaoth an ear ri séideadh oirnn,
'N uair dh' éirich lath' o 'n oidhch',
'S air port 's am bith cha lùbtadh i,
Eadar *Pùitig* is *Loch-Aills*.

'S a' mhaduinn 's ann a b' éigin duinn,
'N uair dh' éirich gaoth gu searbh,
Ar cùlaobh thoirt do 'n tìr,
'S ar ceart aodann thoirt do 'n fhairg,

Fo steallaidhnean, 's fo thunnsgaidhnean,
 Na tonnan mòra, borb,
 Cnocach, copach, sideach, gleannach,
 Glupach, llobach, gorm.

'N uair chaidh i air a h-adhairt,
 'S a h-aghaidh air a h-iùl,
 Bu chuimseach gleusd' na Leòdaich,
 Mu na sgòidean aig na siùil. .
 Bu toigheach, cuimhneach, làidir,
 Bha Pàdrùig air an stiùir,
 'S bha Seòras ruadh na *Tairbird* ann,
 Le seirbhis uiread 's a bha 'n triùir.

Bha 'n sgiob ud air a coimeasgadh,
 Le fearalas is fiamh,
 Chìteadh fiamh a' ghàir' orr',
 Ged a dh'fhàg iad clach is sliabh,
 Le duinealas gun eibeantas,
 Gun saidealtas 'n an gnìomh ;
 'S gun fhear air bith do 'n chùigear ud,
 Bhi stigh an *Leodhas* riamh.

Ach sheall an t-Iùl-fhear tròcaireach,
 Air ur n'eigin-sa na thìom,
 'N uair nach feudtadh bòsd
 A chur á seòldair, no a saoir ;
 O dhruim na mara mòr-chlasaich,
 'S i seòladh stigh 'n a caoir,
 'S dhe bàrr nan tonnan sròthanach,
 Gu'n bhuail i sròn ri tìr.

'N uair ràinig sinn an t-àite sin,
 Bha chuideachd fàilteach ruinn ;
 Fhuair sinn taghadh fàrdoich,
 Nach robh àicheadh os a cinn,
 Gu ballach, aolach, sglèatach,
 Reidhleach, lotach, gléidhteach, grinn,
 Aig àrmunn fial do dh' *Iomhaireach*,
 Air nighean Triath *Chill-duinn*.

Bha Caiptein oirnn 's an àite sin,
 'S ann as a dheanainn bòsd,
 Cha tigeadh gloin' gu clàr ann,
 Nach b' i a shlàint-sa rachadh òl ;
 Seana mhnathan a' briathrachas,
 Nach fhac iad riamh ni 's bòidhch',
 Is cagar mhaighdean fiarachdail,
 "O chiall, am bheil e pòsd'?"

'N uair chuir e 'aodach aisig dheth,
 'S a dheasaich se e féin,
 Shaoil mi nach bu mhagaid domh
 A ràdh, gu 'm b' ghasd a cheum.
 B' e cainnt nan daoine bha eòlach air,
 'S e falbh 'n an còir air sreud,
 "Thath e gun mhnaoi a chobhras e,
 'S a rìgh bu mhòr am beud."

Se mo dhùrachd chinnteach dhuit,
 'S i 'n fhìrinn tha mi 'g ràdh,
 Bith cuimhneach air do *philos*,
 Is cha chaill thu air gu bràth ;

Saoghal sona 'n deagh bheath dhuit,
'S deadh oighreachan bhi t' àit,
Is uiread eile dh' ionndrain orr'
'S an àm am faigh iad bàs.

BONNIE JANET,

Who, while receiving the attentions of a large number of young men, would not engage to marry any of them.

Air fonn:—"Theid mi d' chogadh ris a Phrionnsa."

GUM bheil Seònaid bòidheach, greannair,
Co nach dùraigeadh bhi 'n gleann leath',
Faileas fithich air a ceann-dubh,
Bràghad fionn a 's gille na 'n gruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,
Dheanainn sùgradh ri do cheann dubh ;
Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,
Mire 's sùgradh ri do cheann dubh.

Faileas dubh am bàrr a gruaige,
Is dreach na h-ubhail air a gruaidhean,
Mala chaol is i gun ghruaimean,
Gu 'n tarruing suas, gun deòin leath' bhi riu.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil suiridheach òg no càdaidh,¹
Eadar *Huilleum* is *Carn-àgadh*,
Nach bi ruith na h-ighne cheann-dubh,
Air feadh a' bhàird, 's cha 'n fhuirich i riu.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

¹ Ghillie.

Cuiribh fichead mu na bràighibh,
 Cuiribh ceathrar air na h-àthaibh,
 Sgaoilibh faoghaid 's a *Choir-fheàrna*,
 Sparraibh sàs i anns a' *Bhlàr-dhubh*.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an spòrs e,
 'S ann tha chò-stri aig na h-òig-fhir,
 An tarbh donn, 's an tarbh steòcach,
 'S tric iad a' cròic ris an tarbh dhubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Gum bheil Uilleam mòr cho sanntach,
 'S nach 'eil feum bhi deanamh rann da,
 'S o 'n a loisg iad oidhche Shamhn' e,
 'S obair theann a chumail an cruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an sùsdal,
 Bhi cur phrìneach' anns na gùintibh ;
 A dà làimh bhi anns na sgiùrdaibh,
 'S a ceann rùisgte mhàn ris an t-sruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'S mairg a chreideadh briathran beòil uait,
 'N déigh mar bhailich thu mac Sheòrais ;
 'N uair a shaoil leis a bhi pòsd' riut,
 Thog thu do shròn an aghaidh an t-sruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Ged nach 'eil annadsa do dh' uislinn,
 Uiread 's tha 'n leannan Hùistein,
 O 'n a thair mi thu 's a' chùl-tigh,
 Ni mi sùgradh ri do cheann dubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Bha mi uair air bharail bargain,
 'S tha mi nis air call na dh' earb mi ;
 Tha mi féin a' gabhail farbhais,
 Gur e dath dearg a 's feàrr na dath dubh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.



THE POLLA FLITTING,

A dialogue between the man who was leaving the house and the man who was entering into possession, the latter hurrying the former's departure.

Air fonn :—" Mrs M'Leod of Raasay's Reel."

DHUINE, thoir domh cairtealan,
'S an tigh a thog mo làmhan,
Agus bi rium lachasach,
Gus an deasaich mise m' àirneis,
'S na bi rium cho tartarach,
Le t' fhocalan mar b' àbhaist,
No bheir mise 'n t' aiseag orm,
Gu d' chasaid, do *Cheann-tàile*.

Near't cha 'n 'eil 'n ad phearsa dhomh,
No d' chasaidean bu dàine,
Pronnaidh mi do chathraichean,
Do shrathraichean, 's do phlàtan;
Cuiridh mi do chisteachan,
A chlisgeadh ort 'n an clàraibh;
'S cleachdaidh mi mo chomas,
Gus am *Polla* a chur fàs ort.

A dhuine, na gabh eagal,
Mar nach biodh agam càirdean;
Ged a dheanainn fhathastaich,¹
Treis tamhachaidh 'n am làraich,

¹ Still, or yet.

'S gu 'n cuir mi mo chuid bheathaichean.

Air astar thun a' bhràighe ;

'S na h-uile dad a ghabhas i

A *stobhaigeadh* 's a' bhàta.

Siubhail gu grinn tapaidh,

Is cuir air t' eachaibh t' àirneis,

Thabhair a' bheinn ghlas ud ort

Is suidh air achadh àiridh ;

Mu 'n tig an ruaig gu h-aithghearr ort,

O 'n fhear a 's treise pàirtidh ;

Is nach bi ball beairt agad,

Nach cuir e mach gun dàil ort.

A dhuine, dean air t-adhais,

Agus labhair rium gu fàilteach,

'S cuir an aghaidh fhathail ort

Ri m' leithid-sa, mar b' àbhaist ;

Ged nach 'eil aois lathachan,

Air caitheamh do dhroch nàduir,

Coid fhios nach fhaicinn fathast thu,

A' crathadh do chuid àirneis.

Dh' iarr mi féin gu taitneach ort,

Dol a mach an ceud uair,

'N uair a bha àm ceart agad,

Gu farsuing is gu rianail ;

Nach fhaic thu an laoch ladarn ud,

'S e o cheann fad air liathadh,

Leis an teann-chaoir bhagraidh air,

Is e gun eagal Dia air.



Rianalas bu fhreagarraich',
 Na 'n tigeamaid gu ràiteach,
 Mur biodh duine cuide ruin,
 Cha togamaid an t-sràbhard;
 Faodaidh tusa fanadh
 Anns a' bhaile so air shàbaid;
 Siùbhladh Rob mur thogras e,
 Le 'bhogais do *Cheann-tàile*.

Chruinnich agus chorruidh iad,
 'N uair chunnaic iad mar thàrladh,—
 Dagachan is gunnachan,
 Culaidhnean is càbuill;—
 'N duine sin a' mionnachadh,
 Mus buineadh e do 'n fhàrdoich,
 H-uile fear a dh' fhuiricheadh,
 Gu 'n lunnadh e gu bàs iad.

THE GRANGES

(Na Greisichean Beaga).

These were Campbells, and their descendants are in Durness still. George Campbell, alias Grange, was church-officer. He was collector of the fines imposed upon delinquents by the Kirk-Session. On December 8th, 1766, the Session petitioned Mr Daniel Forbes, Sheriff-substitute, who was on a visit to Lord Reay, for authority to collect these fines. The prayer of the petition was granted, the collectors to be George Grange, Kirk-officer, and George Macleod, Sheriff-officer. The latter was piper to Lord Reay. The last mention of George Grange as Kirk-officer in the parish accounts is under date August 8th, 1773, when the fees due him were paid. His successor was William Munro, whose salary for the first six months of 1775 was nineteen shillings and twopence. The precentor at that time was Robert Mackay, Nuybeg.

Air fonn:—"Bonnie Prince Charlie."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach
 Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,
 'N *Acha-na-h-annaid*,
 Cur feannag á chéile ;
 Sheall mi le annas air,
 'S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,
 Thug mi mo bhoineid dhìom,
 'S bheannaich mi féin da.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach
 Air chomhairl' nan breitheamhnan,
 Dh' òrduich gach dithis dhiu
 Bhi le aon chéile ;



Faodaidh sliochd tighinn
 An deigh na buidhinn so,
 Fathast a bhitheas 'n an
 Iongantas féille.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
 Is shàruich e m' fhoighidinn,
 Feuchainn le a lughad
 C' ait' am faighinn da céile ;
 Fhuair mi 'n tigh Choinnich i,
 C' uime gu 'n ceilinn i,
 'S a h-apan deiridh
 Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas¹ is Dòmhnall,²
 Seòras³ is Alastair,⁴
 'S coltach 'n an colluinn
 A' cheathrar r' a chéile :
 B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh
 Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
 Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
 Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

¹ Thomas Campbell, alias Grange, in Crosple, had Elizabeth baptized 28th October 1768.

² Donald Campbell, alias Grange, in Cashneach, had Christian baptized 13th April 1770.

³ George Campbell, alias Grange, in Balamhulich, had Angus baptized 20th September 1772.

⁴ Alexander Grange, alias Campbell, in Acha-na-hanait, had Barbara baptized 3rd June 1768.—*Parish Register*.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
 Tha againn gu barantach,
 Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
 A baile Dhun-éidinn,
 Nach 'eil uile cho ait'
 Ann an oibrichibh Freasdail,
 Ri faicinn nam peasan
 A' *maitseadh* a chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdán,
 Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
 Nach fhaigh mi aon fhear dhiu
 Ni *maitse* do Chéitidh.
 Tha truas aig mo chridhe
 Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
 Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
 Chuireas dithis ri chéil' diu.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean ¹ iad,
 'S thugar mìr fearuinn dhoibh,
 'S bheir iad an air'
 Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein.
 Air eagal am pronnaidh
 Ri fiodh no ri balla,
 Ni 'n tub aig a Mhorair
 Dhoibh talla le chéile.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

¹ Hoan, at the mouth of Loch Eribol.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
 Do leithid an fhirionnaich s';
 'S air chor as gu 'n cluinnear iad,
 Seinne am air téis iad,
 Dòmhnall beag biorach,
 Air pòsadh an uraidh,
 'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
 Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na grèisichean beaga,
 Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
 Tha dùil ac' mo thagradh,
 Air son magaidhnean beumnach.
 Bithidh mise fuidh eagal,
 'N uair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
 O 'n thachair mi eadar
 Air sagart 's an cléireach.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
 Mis' chur an cunnart,
 'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
 'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis féin e.
 'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
 An déigh 's na dh' innis e,
 'S e 'm *moncaidh* an uraidh,
 Mu mbhìre na 'n Gréibhear.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
 Mu *Bhaile-na-Cille*,
 Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
 An uraidh le chéile.
 Am bliadhna tha 'n dithis,
 E féin 's an cù buidhe,
 Gun triall ac' gu uidhe,
 Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-éibhlean.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
 Seòras na h-eaglais,
 Chualas na creagan
 Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd. *less space*
 Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
 Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
 Cho bìogach r' a fhaicinn,
 'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeachd.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
 Mar bhailich mi 'macan,
 Gu 'n abrainn garra-gartan
 Rì fleasgach cho treun ris.
 Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
 Is amharc a chrodhan,
 'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
 Thomhais i féin e.
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

ISABEL AND ROB.

Isabel jilted a young man for Rob's sake, but a twelvemonth later she and her former lover agreed to get married. Just as the marriage ceremony was about to proceed Rob appeared again, and Isabel went off with him for the second time.

Air fonn :—" John Roy Stewart."

MA thréig thu mi gu follaiseach,
 'S nach dean tu tuilleadh comunn rium ;
 'N saoil sibh nach robh dalladh oirr',
 'N uair thug i gealladh 'n dé dhomh.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh,
 Char thu mi 's ghabh thu Rob tiugh ;
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh,
 Rinn thu 'n diugh mo thréigeadh.

Is olc a fhuair mi bhanais ud,
 N' air chuir an sluagh a' choinneal as,
 Chaidh fear a sìos do 'n rainich leath',
 Is chuir sud maill' air m' éigheach-s'.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

An faca sibhse a' Chatanach,¹
 A' dol sìos a' *Chnaparnach* ;
 Thubhairt iad gu 'm fac iad i,
 'S ged fhac', nach beireadh éis oirr'.
 Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

¹ A mare that ran off with Rob some time previously, to which the bard refers elsewhere.

Cha bheag na t-aobhar fath-chainnt i,
 A' dol a sìos an *Clach-rathan*,
 Bha 'n diollaid air a leath-taobh,
 Is a cas an lùb na sréine.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S e rinn an saoidh a mhaslachadh,
 Am pònaidh donn le 'mhasanaich,
 Glìom a thoirt d' a marcaiche,
 'S a leigeil as an déigh sin.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

O 'n shìn an gille muilinn ri,
 Cha 'n fhàg mi muing no muineal oirr',
 Na do dh' earbal cuimir oirr',
 Na chumas maide séisd ri.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Thugaibh dhomhs' mo bhreacanan,
 Mo ruibeanan, 's mo dheasachadh,
 Gus an cuir mi 'n fhasair
 Air an each nach togair leum uam.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S ann bha chùis ri choireachadh,
 'N uair a ghabh iad aithreachas,
 'M fear a bha 'n a bharant oirr',
 'S e dh' fholach aige féin i.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Cha 'n ioghnadh ged nach seasadh i,
 Bha puinnsean mòr do chasaig air,
 Bha bucaill is gramaisean¹ air,
 Fuidh bhreacan glas an fhéilidh.

Iseabail mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

¹ Gaiters.

NEIL MACKAY AND JOHN M'LEOD.

Neil was the skipper of a trading vessel. He was from Argyllshire. John was nicknamed 'Ceann-Ordag' because of his insignificant appearance. Both, according to the song, were in much esteem in the district, as almost all the able-bodied men had joined the Fencibles at the time (1759).

Air fonn :—"Seann truibheas Illeachan."

Luinneag.—Chì mi thall ud aig na caoirich,
Nighean dubh ghaolach churaisdeach,
'N saoil sibh féin nach truagh a' chùis,
A dh' fhàg an triuir cho muladach.

CHA robh a h-aon diu so m' Bhealltuinn,
Gun bhi gealltuinn duine dh' i ;
'S e th' ac' uile m' oidhch Fhéill-màrtuinn,
Niall dubh, màsach, plumaideach.

Chì mi thall ud, &c.

Thug iad thairis air na cuaintibh,
Aonghas ruagh, 's bu duilich leam :
Huistein Mac Ruairidh¹ is an Géigean,
'S bu tapaidh treun na gillean iad.

Chì mi thall ud, &c.

Cho liutha dhiubh 's a tha gun phòsadh,
Tha iad ro bhrònach, muladach ;
Faodaidh Niall Mac Aoidh bhi spéiseil,
Gheibh e féin na h-uile tè.

Chì mi thall ud, &c.

¹ The hero of Brigios Mhic-Rhuairidh (Macrory's Brecks).

Curstaidh Sutharlan, tha i gruamach,
 Leam is cruaidh an iorram th' aic';
 Curstaidh Friseil 's earbsa bheò aic,
 O 'n a phòs i 'n uraidh fear.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas iad còmhla,
 Bithidh na deòir a' sìleadh uath;
 'S ged tha 'n dithis ud ro bhrònach,
 'S i 's truaighe Fleòraidh Ghileabairt.¹

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas na pàisdean
 Chum na tràigh', mu nollaig ac',
 Far am b' àbhaist na daoine' òga,
 Theachd a dh' òl nan tunnachan ;²

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'S ann a dh' éireas gart is greann orr',
 Gun cheum damhs', ach turraban ;
 Mar ghràinnein do chearcas Frangach,
 'S Niall MacAoidh 'n a phulaidh orr'.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Is iomadh gille tapaidh, còir,
 A chaidh chur fo na gunnaichean ;
 Chuid is foghainteach' 's a 's bòidhche,
 Théid an tùs ri cunnart diu.

Chi mi thall ud, &c.

¹ Daughter of Gilbert Donn or Calder.

² It was then and for long after, the custom, to meet on Balnacill sands on New Year's day to have a game of Shinty. A cask of whisky was provided for refreshment.

2 Còmhla is the word

play

Tha aithreachas air a' chloinn òga,
 Dh' fhàg ri 'm beò gu guileach iad,
 Nach do ghabh iad Iain MacLeòid,
 Mu 'n d' thug a' phròis a churrachd dheth.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

A uair théid Niall uainn thar a' *Pharbh*,
 A tharruing dhorbh le 'chulaidhean,
 'S iomadh athchuing' bhios air falbh,
 "Gu 'n cum an Sealbh á cunnart e."
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Tha leannan aige anns gach bàgh
 Tha eadar *Aisir* agus *Dunnait* ;
 'S 'n uair shaoil leo bhi 'n ~~Comuin~~ *Comuin* gaoil ris,
 'S ann thug e *Cill-ma-thunnag*,¹ air.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

C. 3 mo 23,

Cha tig aon duine dhiu air fòrlach,
 'S tha chlann òga muladach ;
 'S ged a theàrnadh còrr fhear beò dhiu,
 'S cruaidh air òighean fuireach riuth.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Faodaidh Niall a' chuid a 's bòidhche,
 Thoirt an tùs na culaidh dhiu,
 'S a' chuid nach fhiach leis thoirt gu bòrd,
 Ni Ceann-òrdaig² gurraidh riu.
 Chi mi thall ud, &c.

¹ In the parish of North Knapdale, Argyllshire.

² John Macleod, mentioned above.

NEIL MACKAY AND HIS CREW.

Neil's boat was anchored one stormy night in Geoth-na-gaoithe, and he and his crew spent the night in Rob Donn's house. He mentioned several places where he would rather be, chiefly on account of his sweethearts ~~in these parts~~.

Air fonn :—"Dance to your Daddie."

Luinneag.—Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba,
 Gabhail moran eagail,
 Giorag gu 'm bris rioban,
 Air a' chulaidh fhada;
 Ciod a chuir mi idir
 Dh' fhuireach fo na creagan,
 'S nach 'eil àit an tig mi,
 Nach bi leannan agam.

THUBHAIRT Niall MacAoidh,
 'S mis' th' air dol am mugha,
 Ann an *Geoth-na-gaoith'*,
 Fo na creagan dubha;
 'S a liuthad maighdean rìomhach,
 A tha fo chumha,
 Air son nach 'eil mo bhirlinn
 An tigh'nn do *Smudha*.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'S iomadh clòsaid àluinn
 'N robh mi tuiteam,
 'N uair bhithinn anns na *Far-leus*
 Cha 'n fhaiceadh cus mi;

'S a mhachair a stàn,
 Bheirinn *Poll-a-ghlùp* orm,
 'S 'n uair bhithinn air an tràigh,
 Bheirinn *Poll-a-bhuic* orm.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'N uair bhithinn an *Dùirinnis*,
 'N an teis meadhon,
 Bhiodh dithis no triùir agam,
 Gu mo roghainn;
 'N uair thiginn do 'n *Ghairbh-thir*,
 Ged b' i bu leatha,
 Bhithinn toirt mo thairgse
 Do Ni'-Neill-'ic-Iain.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

An tè a gheibh mi deònach,
 Gur beag mo cheist oirr';
 'N tè mu 'm bi mi eòlach;
 Gu 'm foghainn greis d' i;
 An tè sin tha chòmhnuidh
 Aig *Ruith-na-cailce*,¹
 'S fheudar dhomhs' a leanmhuinn,
 O 'n tha i teicheadh.
 Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Thuirt Barbara gu geur,
 Na bi cho muiteil,
 Ged bhithinn ann ad fheum,
 Cha 'n innsinn duit e;

¹ Whiten Head or Putaig

Ged a bhiodh tu gealltuinn
Pòsadh mu nollaig,
Dh' fhaodadh tu fo Bhealltuinn
Bhi 'n *Cill-ma-thunnaig*.
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

ISABEL MACKAY.

(Iseabail Nic-Aoidh.)

Air fonn:—"Failt' a' Phrionnsa'."

URLAR.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, 's i 'n a h-aonar;
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh na fridh' 's i 'n a h-aonar.

SIUBHAL.

Nach seall sibh bean-tigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S nach faic sibh an *oibseig*
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar:
 Nach seall, &c.

Comharradh dubh
 Nach 'eil gu maith,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh an so,
 'N uair tha bean-tigh
 Air *Riothan nan Damh*,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i na h-aonar.
 Comharradh dubh, &c.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoineibh tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhoibh féin a bhi aca,
 Bhi fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.
 'S neònach, &c.

Innsidh mis do dh' iomadh fear,
 'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
 Gum bheil i air a cumail
 As na h-uile àite follaiseach,
 Le ballanaibh is cuinneagaibh,
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muldach,
 Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.
 Innsidh mis, &c.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh,
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaidh,
 'S i so do thìom;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrobh laoigh,
 Am bonnaibh na frìdh',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh, &c.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean,
 Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
 Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh, &c.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 Do chinneadh maith,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do *Riothan nan Damh*,
 Gheibh e bean-tigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith, &c.

48
TO JOHN SUTHERLAND,

(otherwise "Iain Thapaidh.")

John had composed a song in reply to the Poet's elegy on Gray of Rogart at the instance of the tacksman of Creich, who had paid him for the service. In this poem Rob Donn replies to that song.

Air fonn :—"I Care for Nobody."

CHIAD fhear a shiùbhlas do Chata,
Thoir fios gu Iain Thapaidh nan rann,
Nach bòidheach 's nach dealbhach a choluinn,
'S gur mi-thapaidh 'n t-anam a th' ann ;
Mhol bladaidh nan glog-shùilean miodhoir,
Bha tur air a' lionadh le sannt,
An sgròg-thoineach cab-phliadhach, griamach,
'S bu dearbhta do cheud e bhi meallt'.

'S e chanas gach breitheamh a 's àirde,
Gu 'n robh an fhìor bhreug ann do bhus ;
'N uair a shaoil leat a thogail mar chraoibh,
'S ann a rinn thu a chrìonadh mur lus ;
Cluinnear 's gach àite m' ur timchioll,
Ur n-alladh 's ur n-iomradh aig cus,
Cha chreid duin' ac' thus' mach o esan,
'S cha mhol duin' ac' esan ach thus'.

Bu bhaoth dhuit a bhi ga mo leantuinn,
'S nach robh ann ad chantuinn ach craos ;

Bha thu 'n toiseach 'n ad spleadhaid air caillte,
 'S a nis 'n ad sheann ghloichd leis an aois;
 Am barail gach breitheimh tha fiùdhail,
 'S e chuireas mo chliù-s' ann am prìs,
 Gu 'n robh 'm fear a bheum mi le spealadh,
 Cho bhreugach 's gun mhol e fear Chraoich.

Nis a Rob Ghré, ma phòs thu,
 'S e Iain t' aon òglach 's an àm;
 'S e 's urrainn thoirt meas air do bheusan,
 Le 'mhìodal, le 'théis, is le 'rann;
 Ni e Sagart do dhuine gun chràbhadh,
 'S ni e deadh chlàrc do fhear meallt',
 Ni e stiùbhard do theaghlach gun iochd,
 Is fear-foghluim do 'n t-sliochd nach bi ann.

Shaoil leam gun chranaich mi tric dhuit,
 Bhi glacadh nan sgrìobtuir ad dhòrn;
 Ach 's ann a tha 'n t-amadan dàna,
 Sior bhriseadh 'n treas àithne d' a dheòin;
 Mar sin 's ann is soilleire chithear,
 Gur sailche a chridhe na thòn,
 'S gur h-ann a tha 'fhoghlum 'n a theangaidh,
 'N dearbh alt am bheil bruidhean aig eòin.

Ged a leig sinn ar pearsanna taitneach,
 Ann an pòsadh gu liobasda leibh,
 Na saoilibh 'n uair thoilleas sibh masladh,
 Gu 'n coisinn sud maiteachas duibh;
 Is ni e tha cinnt mu ar càirdean,
 Ged a rinn iad ar fàgail a thaoibh,

Nach tig iad a chaoidh fo ar cliù-sa,
 'S nach mò ni iad sibhse ni 's naoimh'.

Rinn sinn do sgiùrsadh mur thros,
 Mach thar a' *Chrasg* leis a' ghaoith;
 Ach stiùireadh le d' mhaighstir féin thu,
 Gu àit anns an séideadh tu 'n daoì;
 Cha 'n fhaighear fear fileanta focail
 An Cata, an Ros, no 'n dùthaich 'C-Aoidh;
 Ach Iain, gu moladh Rhob Grè,
 'S ann 's còir dha do ghleidheadh a chaoidh.

Cha 'n fhaighear do leithid do shiomlaich,
 Ged a dh' amhaircteadh timchioll a' *ghlob*;
 Ma leanas tu 'n còmhnuidh ri t' eucoir,
 Masgul is breugan nach ob,—
 An uair a théid t' anam gun reuson,
 Mach a dh' aon leum air do ghob,
 Bidh tus anns a' chuideachd an còir dhuit,
 An Donas, is Ròghard, is Rob.

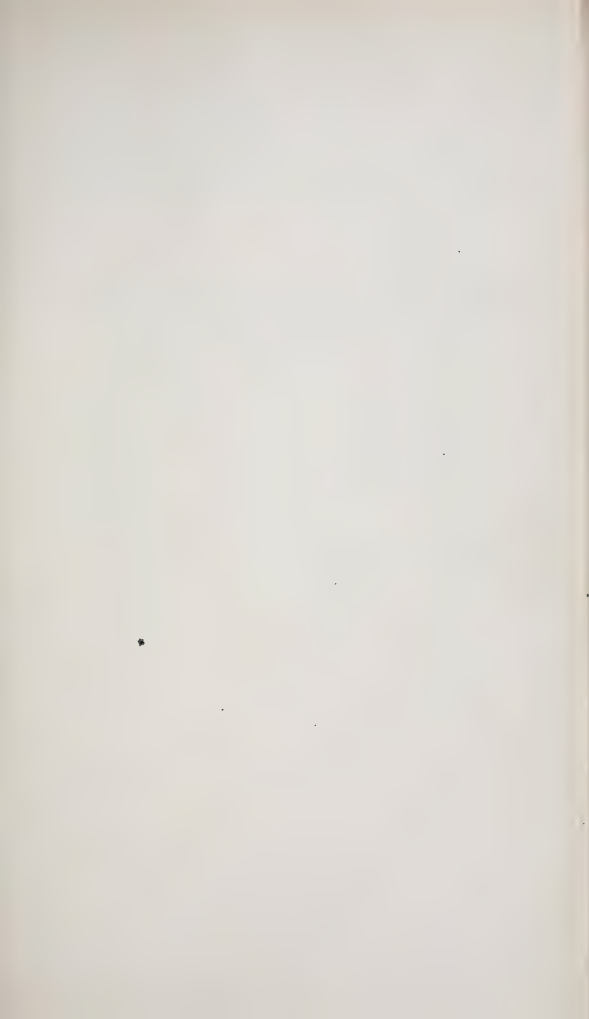
WILLIAM BAIN'S SON.

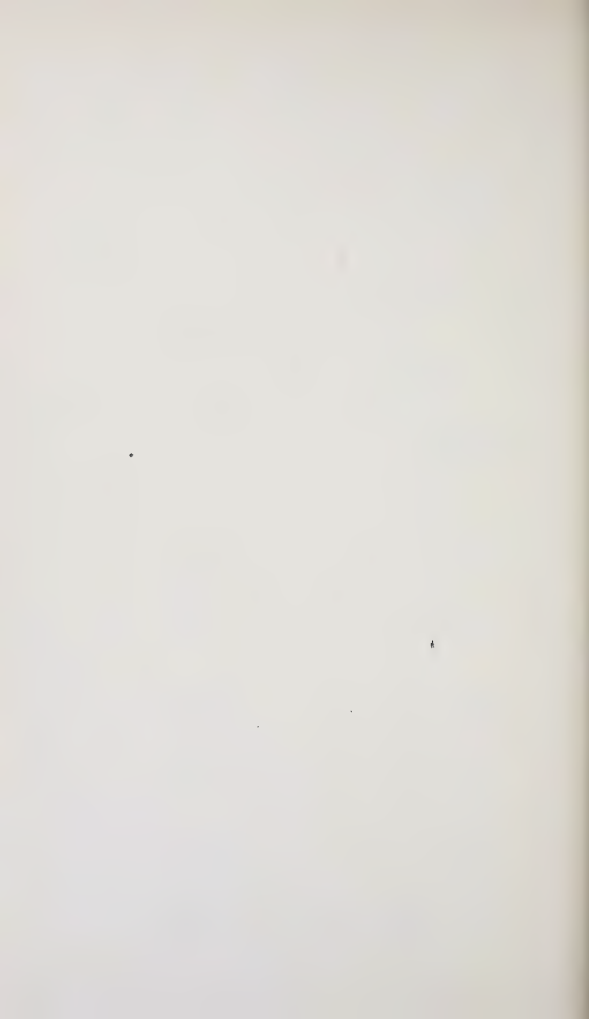
SINIDH mi gu faoilteach, ait,
 Ce saoithreach e, ri chur an dàn ;
 'S ìnnsidh mi gach strì ri *maitse*,
 Thachair aig mac Uilleim Bhàin.
 Sud e 'n a ruith o thigh gu tigh,
 Sud e 'n a ruith, 's e a tha ;
 Sud e 'n a ruith o thigh gu tigh,
 Sud e 'n a ruith, 's e a tha.

Dh' innseadh gu 'n robh 'aodann duineil,
 Shìn e gu h-urramach, àrd,
 Tairgse thoirt do nighean a' Mhorair',
 Chuid, 's a chomunn, 's a ghràdh.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Bhan-Mhorair a b' fheàrr do 'm b' aithne,
 A h-argumaid a chur an gnath,
 Dh' fheòraich co as a bha 'n ceigein,
 Nach robh ni b' fhaide o 'n làr.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

“ 'S suarach mi mu t' fhuaim 's an ridhil,
 'S ceàrr thu air fidhioll 's air dàn ;
 'S coltach am post ris an duine,
 Nach ruigeadh thurad no stàn.”
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.





Chaidh e 'n sin a suas do Mhusal,
 A shealltuinn air cupull an àidh,
 A dh' iarraidh Màiri no Is'bail,¹
 No tè de 'n mhiotailt a b' fheàrr.
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Thuirtean bean an tighe 's i fanoid,
 “Faighnich dheth am bheil e fuar;
 Faighnich dheth 'n do ghabh e 'n galar,
 Ris an can iad tinneas-fuail.”
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Chaidh e sin do dh' *Acha-gharbhsaid*,
 Gu leannan a' fhaotainn dha
 'S feargach ghabh aig Barbra Abrach,
 Prabanach thighinn 'n a dàil,
 “Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà!
 Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà!”

“Mhaoiseanaich dhuibh, mhaol na brathainn,
 'S dao-chail leam na tha thu 'g ràdh,
 'S ioghnadh leam do strì ri mnathan,
 'S fheabhas 's a bhleitheas tu bràth.”
 Bheadagain duibh, &c.

“Fhir a dh' fhuineadh 'm bonnach leathan,
 'S fhir a bhleitheadh air a' bhràth;

¹ Daughters of John Mackay, tacksman of Mussal.

“ Fear a bhleoghnadh caoir’ is gobhar,
 Ciod am feum th’ air cobhair da.”
 Bheadagain duibh, &c.

“ ’S feargach leis a’ bhalgan phocach,
 Bargan socrach mar fhuair càch ;
Bean a thoirt air làimh leis dachaidh,
 ’S bhi fàgail an tochraidh air dàil.”
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

Thunga thug e ’n urchair sgiobalt,
 Shealltuinn air *Biogas* gun dàil,
 Leught’ ’n a aodann e bhi abuich,
 Leis an fhreagairt thug e dha.
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

Dh’ fhaighnich e ’m faigheadh e caileag,
 ’M faigheadh e roghann á dhà ;
 “ ’S coma leam tana, no tiugh i,
 ’S coma leam dubh i, no bàn.”
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

“ Feumaidh tu fearann gu aran,
 Feumaidh tu baile no dhà ;
 Airgiod bhi le toirm ’n ad sporan,
 Feitheamh ri ceannachd o chàch.
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir ;
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir.”

'N uair dh'ionnsuich e nach ceannsaicht' *Biogas*,¹

Leis na bh' aige-se air blàr ;

Chaidh e 'n sin a sios gun athadh,

Shealltuinn air *Strathaidh* gun dàil.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'N uair chunnaic *Strathaidh* a dhronnag,

'S nach robh a thomult ni b' fheàrr,

'N aodann chuireadh faoilt 's na ballaibh,

B' éigin a cromadh gu làr.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Ràinig e 'n sin Maighstir Rothach,

Caraid is comh-dhalt is dàimh ;

Cha 'n fhaigheadh esan uaith a nighean,

Cùmhnanta, cridhe, no làimh.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

" 'S duilich leam bhì cur ri fath-chainnt,

'S nach dean mi leasachadh 's feàrr ;

'N saoil thu 'n ann le nighean Parsoin,

'S docha peasan na le càch ? "

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Ràinig e 'n sin Seumus *Sgeireidh*,

Gu dearbh cha do cheil mar bha ;

Labhair e gu magail, sgeigeil,

Ged nach robh aige ni b' fheàrr.

Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

¹ Mackay of Bighouse was then residing at Tongue. He was factor for Lord Reay.

“Tha mo nighean gu stumpach, leathan,
 ’S cha ’n ’eil a h-athair ach geàrr;
 ’S ma ’s cliamhuinn domh an spìocair odhar,
 Cha ’n fhaicear m’ ogha ’s an fheur.”
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.

Thug e suas air thar a’ bhealaich,
 Do nach d’ fhuair e leannan ’s an àit,
 Shaoil leis gur h-e Taoitear *Far*,
 Bu shaoire mu ’chaileig na càch.
 Sud e ’n a ruith, &c.



